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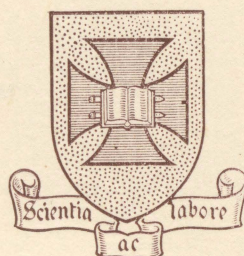
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GALMAHRA

The Magazine of the University
of Queensland
Union



The opinions expressed in this magazine are entirely personal, and may or may not correspond to those held by any individual or organisation within the University.

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GALMAHRA

Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.---Hor., A.P. 334.

VOL. VII

JULY, 1936

No. 4

Editorial

It is now fifteen years since "Galmahra" was chosen as the name for the University of Queensland Magazine. While it has lost none of its peculiar aptness, its meaning and origin have almost been forgotten by students.

The editorial committee of 1921 searched among the native dialects for the most suitable name. Their final choice was "Galmahra," an aboriginal name for a philosopher, poet, teacher, or seer amongst the tribes. In this magazine indeed our philosophers may find a place to express their thoughts, our poets may give utterance to their inspiration, our teachers may impart their knowledge, and our "wise-men" may do their best to show that they are wise.

Thus "Galmahra," the magazine, expresses the combined capacities of our seers, our philosophers, our poets and our teachers, and so is one with that black man who, many years ago, earned a lofty place in his tribe. To be true to its name "Galmahra" should be our spokesman. All forms of original expressions should have their place in it. Let us hope then, that this "Galmahra" reflects the spirit of our University, as surely as the native words from which its name was taken breathed the spirit of the land wherein we live.



A Singer is Dead

(By Clem Lack)

A. E. Housman, sweet singer of songs, is dead. He will be mourned by a legion of lovers and admirers of "A Shropshire Lad" in all parts of the English-speaking world. Although there was a lapse of twenty-five years between "A Shropshire Lad" and "Last Poems," the lustre of his genius had not dimmed, but in his later poems, which are presumed to be the fruit of a more ripened experience, is traceable a more mellow and mature philosophy.

* * * *

There is a certain spirit of acquiescence, if not of resignation, which the passage of the years has brought to temper the "fine wildings," the questionings, and the slightly cynical strictures of earlier years. Not least among the charms of his poetry are the apt and unusual imagery; the romantic and imaginative presentment of the glories and marvels of nature in novel and alluring guise; the finely chiselled cameos which stand out sharply from their severe setting; the verbal gems which sparkle on the page with the radiant freshness of sun-touched dewdrops. Such as these examples, culled at random:

*"And overhead the aspen heaves
Its rainy sounding silver leaves."*

*"The vanquished eve, as night prevails,
Bleeds upon the road to Wales."*

*"On Wenlock Edge the wood's in
trouble:
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
The gale, it plies the saplings double,
And thick on Severn snow the leaves."*

*"Wake: the silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims."*

*"Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land."*

* * * *

Several of the "Last Poems" are so characteristic in their arresting charm and forceful individuality, as to suggest that they were written very shortly after "A Shropshire Lad," and others would seem to belong to a period when the poet felt himself most securely entrenched in his Omar-like philosophy, and when his outlook on life was ironical, albeit restrainedly so.

*"We for a certainty are not the first
Have sat in taverns while the tempest
hurled
Their hopeful plans to emptiness and
cursed
Whatever brute or blackguard made
the world."*

*"It is in truth iniquity on high
To cheat our sentenced souls of ought
they crave,
And mar the merriment as you and I
Fare on our long fool's errand to the
grave."*

*"Iniquity it is: but pass the can.
My lad, no pair of Kings our mothers
bore:
Our only portion is the estate of man;
We want the moon, but we shall get no
more."*

*"The troubles of our proud and angry
dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
Bear them we can, and if we can we
must.
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink
your ale."*

* * * *

This is Omar indeed, shorn of its Eastern mysticism, and wearing instead a distinctly British air of insouciance and satire!

In a similar strain is:

*"The laws of God; the laws of man,
He may keep who will and can:
Not I: let God and man decree
Laws for themselves and not for me!
And if my ways are not as theirs,
Let them mind their own affairs.
They will be master, right or wrong:
Though both are foolish, both are strong.
And since, my soul, we cannot fly
To Saturn nor to Mercury,
Keep we must, if keep we can,
These foreign laws of God and man."*

* * * *

The themes of "Last Poems" are the brevity and irony of life, the frivolity of death, the futility of war, the fleeting nature of all things, the fallibility of human efforts, laws and judg-

ments. Comparing them with "A Shropshire Lad," there is the same vigorous yet simple language; the same unlaboured effortless style; the freedom from redundancy, irrelevance, and vagueness—the besetting sins of modern poetry; the swift and eager rhythm; and the intense virility and trenchancy of phrase which in both these volumes make strangely arresting and significant verse.

In such poems as "Grenadier," "Lanar," and

*"In midnights of November,
When Dead Man's Fair is nigh,
And danger in the valley,
And anger in the sky,"*

the reader is swept irresistibly along on a hurrying wave of rhythm.

* * *

Housman would seem to have had a kinship with Synge who wrote: "It is the Timber that wears most surely, and there is no Timber that has not strong roots among the clay and worms It may almost be said that before verse can be human again, it must learn to be brutal."

Though Housman's verse lacks the conscious brutality oftentimes displayed by Synge, yet fragments like "Hell's Gate" and "Eight O'clock" in "Last Poems," and "The True Lover" and "Terena" in "The Shropshire Lad," seem to drop startlingly out of the night, jarring one's soul by their starkness, disconcerting in their remorseless candour, yet bearing the indelible stamp of sincerity and directness, which effectually secures them against hasty dismissal. Indeed, judged purely from the standpoint of their theme, Housman's poems bear a resemblance to Hardy's novels in that they compel one to meditate on matters often mentally consigned to the limbo of irremediable wrongs.

* * *

Some of his poems deal entirely with inanimate nature, but these are rare, especially in "Last Poems," and for the most part he is concerned with the life of man, and nature forms the background of his canvas, or, in some one of her manifold aspects, emerges for a moment, scintillating like some precious jewel upon the more sombre fabric of the poems. Such phrases as "the golden-sanded brooks," "the beautiful and death-struck year," "the windless night time," "the light-leaved spring," "the silver sail of dawn," "the printed lawn," inform with colour and pictorial beauty the homeliest theme.

* * *

In the poems which treat exclusively of Nature, and which, if localised at all, have reference to Shropshire, there is shown that quality of lyric utterance and quaint picturing for which the precious allusions to natural beauty have prepared us.

*"Tis time I think, by Wenlock town,
The golden broom should blow:*

*The hawthorn sprinkled up and down
Should charge the land with snow.*

*Oh tarnish late on Wenlock Edge,
Gold that I never see:
Lie long, high snowdrifts in the hedge
That will not shower on me."*

*"West and away the wheels of darkness
roll,
Day's beamy banner up the east is
borne,
Spectres and fears, the nightmare and
her foal,
Drown in the golden deluge of the
morn.*

*But over sea and continent from sight,
Safe to the Indies has the earth conveyed
The vast and moon-eclipsing cone of
night,
Her towering foolscap of eternal
shade.*

*See, in mid heaven the sun is mounted:
hark,
The belfries tingle to the noonday
chime;
'Tis silent, and the subterranean dark
Has crossed the nadir, and begins to
climb."*

* * *

The retrospective character of some of the "Last Poems" is, of course, to be expected, and these show a quiet and subdued tone that is foreign to the earlier verse. It is with the utmost regret that one reads the delightful little foreword:

*"We'll to the woods no more,
The laurels all are cut,
The bowers are bare of bay
That once the muses wore:
The year draws in the day,
And soon will evening shut.
The laurels all are cut,
We'll to the woods no more,
Oh, we'll no more, no more
To the leafy woods away,
To the high wild woods of laurel,
And the bowers of bay no more."*

Typical of this shy singer! He would not
*"Swell the rout
Of lads that wear their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran,
And the name died before the man."*

The Relevance of a League of Nations

(By J. ff. R.)

Man's desire to live at peace with his neighbours enjoys no such antiquity as his determination to accomplish his purpose by a resort to war. The development from the club to the cannon covers his whole history. The story of man's rise contains many bloody pages: that story is still being written

The failure of the League of Nations to arrest the forces of Italian aggression in Abyssinia has re-awakened a dormant public interest in the whole subject of world tensions, and of the possible ways of achieving that reign of peace that seems not yet to have passed beyond the parson's pulpit, the mind of the idealist, or the lips of statesmen. At the same time as the post mortems conducted, in the chancelleries and cabinet chambers of Europe, on the body of Ethiopia, dead, or dying—but then the more cruel the operation—are leading to new international alignments, fresh peace pacts and even mutual recriminations, there is arising out of the welter of diverse opinions some facts on which there is agreement.

There is, undoubtedly, a consensus of opinion that the machinery of the League as at present constituted, or at least operated, is NOT strong enough to prevent or check war. Consequently, there is world-wide talk of a reform of the League itself, either to invest it with new and stronger powers, or to recognise limitations and so re-make the League accordingly. Those who support the latter policy would reduce the present League of Nations to the position of a body striving, indeed, to promote world progress and prosperity through its existing committees and commissions, courts and offices, but with its means of preventing war virtually limited to discussion and the registration of pacts and treaties. Presumably it would still endeavour to substitute arbitration for the arbitrament of the sword and would still draw up indictments against whole peoples and send whole nations to Coventry, but, being denied the use of all force, economic and martial, it would not be expected to intervene once hostilities had broken out.

On the other hand, those who regard a strong League of Nations as the corner-stone of any arch that is to be built spanning the nations in the bond of peace, are agreed that the League must be strengthened, either by being compelled to make more use of the force at its disposal, by being given greater force, or by having allotted to it a definite sphere of sovereignty.

There are few satisfied with the League (that is as a body aiming to ensure peace) as it exists and acts at present, though there is a large proportion of the population of every

member state of the League that has either lost faith in the League of Nations or continues, as it has done since 1919, to condemn or despise it. Some such are those who regard the League of Nations as an unworkable ideal, out of keeping with the rivalries and animosities of the real world inhabited by men who have fought club and spear, spear and gun, gun and gas from the days of their primordial ancestors. These realists can only fall back, more or less reluctantly, on what security national strength and international alliance offer. Rightly they see that man's command over his habits has not developed commensurately with his command over Nature, that his scientific achievements outnumber his social instincts, but they fail to recognise the fact that so long as this disparity exists, so long and, if they wish, no longer, there is need for a League not only to promote peace but to marshal all the forces necessary to wage war on war.

In the minds of many there is much needless confusion of the desire for peace with a disinclination to fight, of ends with means. For there are a large number of people who share in the earnest wish for world peace as wholeheartedly as any pacifist, be he Christian or otherwise, who look forward as eagerly as any prelate (though it be for different reasons and on different motives) to the time when the Brotherhood of Man will be an accomplished fact, but who, because they do not admit the illegitimacy, or the identity, of every resort to force are branded as inconsistent, militaristic and, by some, non-Christian. There are many so-called Christian attitudes to war that are based on the belief that every use of force is contrary to the teachings of Christ; but these same beings live in States which have not yet been able to dispense with force though depending quite as much on co-operation and good-will for their successful functioning. For a long time to come the world-state must have the same two-fold basis.

Other pacifist attitudes to war, based on war's futility and cost, on the passions released by war and its injustice, are more understandable, but they fail to stir any supporter of the League of Nations who, having the same outlook on war, has nevertheless pledged his support to "collective security." The latter has come to see that a desire for peace is not enough, that active work for peace is not enough unless he is prepared to fight for peace. In other words, he is a supporter of the use of force by the League of Nations because he recognises the necessity for an interim policy.

To refuse to support the League because it is imperfect, because it seeks to enforce decisions by means no better than those used in

national conflicts, is to refuse to recognise that at present no other means will accomplish as much. Peace, like man, must evolve.

In the case of the recent Italo-Abyssinian dispute, the League did at length apply sanctions against Italy, the declared aggressor. That they were unsuccessful was due as much to an under-estimation of the strength of fascisticised Italy as to the half-hearted manner in which they were applied. If it is necessary to reform the League of Nations, preferably involving a revision of the Versailles Treaty, it should be done as thoroughly as possible so that a League of Nations can be constructed strong enough

to enforce its decisions and conceived on a basis broad enough to make it an organisation working continuously to achieve world peace and progress.

All attempts to organise peace have as yet failed. The latest is being made in our time. On its outcome will depend the course of history in our generation. All plans aimed to secure peace are vitally relevant to our day. We have in the League of Nations the most ambitious of such plans, and this body depends for its success as much on our support as on our adherence to, and promotion of, the ideal of peace.

A Leader's Task

*She, first of all the nations freedom gained;
Foundations of Great Britain's strength were laid
And Empire formed when most had not attained
To nationhood. Shall now her prestige fade
Her power in decadence, her honour stained
Because she failed to keep the bond she made?
Her span's not run if Britain now accepts
A leader's task, to show what signify
Her boast of liberty, her plea for peace,
Her stand for Christian rights, grand precepts
For which earth's countless millions year. They lie
The men who glibly plan the world's release
From war. It is those statesmen that we need
Who pledges keep. Let Britain give this lead.*

J. ff. R.

Dustbins

(By G.C.)

The title is, of course, misleading. It is suggestive of stark drama in the slums, of hearts laid bare, of the illusive beauty that is to be found in sewers. This is not my intention, for I have no doubt it takes a pen sharper than mine to depict life in the raw as symbolised by dustbins, a pen dipped in heart's blood—even the most cynical book reviewer has used that phrase at least once in his career, if only in the days of an idealistic apprenticeship when life was real and earnest and he had not yet reviewed his one hundred and fifty-seventh novel after the manner of "Grand Hotel," where the lives of the characters are subtly interwoven and the hand of Fate is apparent in the crossing of their paths, but twenty-four hours ago so widely divergent. Almost Miltonic—that sentence.

In a world where compulsory education is open to the upper ten and to the Hoi Polloi, and A, assuming he is not mentally deficient, has as much book-learning as B, it becomes increasingly difficult to make one's mark in the literary art—to choose but one safety-valve for the artistic temperament. A produces a creditable little lyric on the pangs of love and receives the rejected ms. by return post. B is wiser. He has perceived that, to be successful in art, one must be perverse. So he removes the illuminated text "God Bless Our Home" from the wall and covers up the unfaded patch of wall-paper with the slogan, "Perversity Pays." After ten minutes communion with the Muse each morning on rising, gazing beatifically on the words of the oracle, the mantle of inspiration descends upon him. Between spoonfuls of his breakfast egg he composes an impassioned outburst on the delicately alluring subject, "A Suburban Back-yard."

Mud and stars!

Slimily, bewilderingly, tortuously the
the next-door cat

Sits on the swaying fence,

Sings his love-song to the jaundiced
moon,

Cabbages bloom in October.

God ! !

He considers the masterpiece. The meaning is, if anything, too apparent, too "obvious." The chosen few whom he addresses are thinkers (they also solve crossword puzzles between bouts of thinking). They do not wish to have great truths flung at them blatantly. They wish to arrive at them by slow degrees, or perhaps to dream them in the silent watches of the night. But he allows this to pass. The result? B is at once acclaimed a poet. And the Women's Temperance Union Culture Class invites him to address the next meeting but one.

Poets are traditionally "different." It is true they no longer wear their hair in luxuriant tresses. They even effect the dress of the average man—if anything, more so. But this is merely a manifestation of their "difference." They must disagree with the preconceived image of a poet retained in the minds of caricaturists. But what of the essayist? He is an elusive being. It is practically impossible to number among one's acquaintances someone who has a friend who is intimately connected with an essayist. In the days when people understood one another, the essayist or pamphlet writer chose very earnest and improving subjects for dissection. He grew animated on such absorbing topics as "A Treatise on Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes." His modern brother has developed a much more playful and jocular manner. He confronts one (as, in fact, a contemporary Australian essayist has done) with such a subject as "Tripe and Onions." The unsuspecting reader is lured by the promise of a succulent dissertation on the origin and history of the dish and its symbolic significance in the life of mankind. On reading the essay, the disappointed searcher after truth finds that the phrase is recommended as an effective incantation for the dispersion of rant, cant or blurt (sanctified by L.E.D.); in fact, the equivalent of "Bosh!" adapted for genteel usage.

The "grain of truth in all this chaff" is that the essay writer, as it were, hides behind the title of his essay and playfully jumps out at the reader, exclaiming "Boo!"

Hence "Dustbins."

Gratitude

(Half-way through Saintsbury's History
of Criticism.)

As one that suffered hath and labour
spent
In slow pursuit of learning through
much dust,
I looked upon your three fat vols. and
went
Forth from the sight in sorrow and
distrust,
Who Walker knew, Snell, Ripman, of
the tribe
Of them that fill up text-books with a
lot
Of that which you so candidly describe
As "God knows what."

I know not if your treatment of, say,
Voss
Moves the "self-sentenced" Germans
to cry "No!"
Or if some Frenchmen grow a little cross
To read e.g., the chapter on Boileau—
I merely mention that you'd get my vote
In any literary sanhedrim
In thanks for learning, sense, wit, style,
footnote.

(*Op. cit. passim*).

For these, my thanks (*et vide supra*).
One
Who long hath eaten sawdust in the
Schools
Has lived to feel a kind of passion run
Along his veins for things like Kinds
and Rules,
To double o'er a text in mirth at last,
Scarcely to think the volume's bulk
enough,
To send a long cry ringing down the
blast;
"This is the stuff!"

G. V. Greenhalgh

Free Verse---and How!

The cat
Sat,
Impassive,
On the mat.
"Oh, Cat,
Behind thy masklike countenance
What lies?
Wisdom of Ages?
Or blank ignorance?
Silent,
Inscrutable,
Sat
The cat.

---J.G.S.

Hibiscus

Fringed crimson cups,
Long slender golden stamens,
Like the antennae of some exotic palpi-
tating moth,
Great globes of brightness
Bursting o'er the whiteness of my fence,
And spilling petals, vivid splashes
'gainst the green.
Wild passion driven things
That desecrate the purity of white car-
nations by the gate.

---M. Flynn

University Standards

(By Professor H. C. RICHARDS.)

After participating over a period of a quarter of a century in the building up of a University, it is of interest to see how the results obtained compare generally with those at present gained in allied institutions in the other Australian States, in the other Dominions and in Great Britain itself. On several occasions one has been able to make some observations on the University Colleges of New Zealand, and six years ago a tour of South Africa furnished an opportunity of considering University development in the Union. Recently, a prolonged trip in Europe and North America extended one's general University experience a good deal, so perhaps some useful purpose may be served by recording one's impressions.

In one capacity or another a reasonably intimate acquaintance with the other five Australian Universities has been made over a long term of years, and there is unquestionably a general similarity about the manner of work and the general standards.

The University of Queensland has specialised more than any other Australian University in external work, at the behest of the Government, for reasons which have a special cogency in this country of great distances and relatively even distribution of population. Also with our five University Colleges we probably have in residence relatively a larger percentage of undergraduates than any other Australian University. It may be said, in addition, that in the standards demanded for our matriculation requirements and for both pass and honours degrees we do not fall short in the comparison.

In the Dominion of New Zealand, with its one University and its four constituent colleges at Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Otago, there exists an organisation quite different from our own. The professional schools of Medicine and Engineering are associated particularly with the University of Otago at Dunedin, and the Canterbury College at Christchurch, respectively; also the School of Law may perhaps be more especially developed at Victoria College, Wellington. In the general studies in Arts, Commerce and Science, each of the constituent University Colleges plays a full and active part.

As the professional staff in each of the constituent colleges has to work to a standard syllabus, and the candidates for the degrees are examined primarily by external examiners—from England usually, but sometimes from Australia—who have usually no local New Zealand knowledge, there exists a condition of things quite foreign to the Australian University practice, where, except for the higher degrees, the Staff follows a curriculum of its own choice and conducts its own examinations internally. The latter practice is generally much to be preferred by all parties concerned.

In the Dominion of South Africa, in the Universities of Cape Town, Stellenbosch, Pretoria and Witwatersrand at Johannesburg, we have institutions similar to those we know in Australia, while the University of South Africa, with its constituent colleges at Pietermaritzburg, Bloemfontein, Wellington, Grahamstown, and Potchefstroom, is in some respects like the University of New Zealand.

Coming now to Oxford and Cambridge in England, we find ourselves concerned with something very different from our own institution. All the undergraduates are in residence living under the control of colleges, each well endowed with Fellowships and Tutorships filled by men of excellent qualifications. In Oxford, the College tutorial system is very highly developed, and except in special cases, such as Engineering, Forestry, etc., University lecture courses, as we know them, do not obtain to any real extent. The Colleges are everything, and the University apart from them is comparatively a minor affair. The Colleges make the University. At Cambridge, on the Science and Engineering sides at least, the University plays a part such as we are accustomed to in the Australian Universities. The University Science Laboratories, for example, are well equipped and staffed, while attendance at these classes is compulsory. The reputation of the Cavendish School of Physics, of the Sedgwick Museum and its School of Geology, to take two only of the several excellent University Science Schools, has been based on work which has had an influence throughout the whole world, and no one can escape the inspiration which they furnish. Generation after generation of well trained men has been turned out from the University Science Schools, and throughout the whole Empire they fill important positions. The Zoological laboratories provide facilities for several hundreds of students, and dozens of research workers find a veritable haven in which to pursue their investigations.

The Science Schools of the Australian Universities have been moulded closely on the University of Cambridge pattern, and we may well thank those who were responsible for establishing the precedent.

The University of London is such a huge institution and so complex in its organisation, with its external system so well developed, that it is a thing apart as it were. For example, although Oxford and Cambridge long ago accepted our Matriculation examination requirements, London did so only last year after insisting on perusing itself marked examination scripts actually corrected by our own Public Examination Board of Examiners.

So little personal touch is obtained in so many cases in the University of London owing to the strong external activity that much emphasis is placed upon the matriculation requirements.

The conditions asked of the University of Queensland in this respect were identical with those asked of Melbourne, Adelaide and Western Australia. Sydney is not yet recognised because it objects to fulfilling the conditions demanded.

The Royal School of Mines and the Imperial College of Science at South Kensington are particularly strong sections of this huge University, and large numbers of well-trained men from these places may be met in the various Dominions and Colonies. A very strong economic bent is inculcated here and the influence of these institutions in developing the mineral resources and raw products of the Empire is very great indeed. Many research students—especially the holders of 1851 Exhibition Research Scholarships—go from the Dominion Universities to these University of London institutions at South Kensington, while Cambridge claims the attention of many also.

At the present time very extensive building is being carried out for the University of London at Gower Street, near the British Museum at Bloomsbury, and apparently in spite of its huge extent and ramifications it is a prosperous institution.

Of the Provincial Universities in England and Wales one hears most of Manchester, and recent inquiries by Australian and New Zealand University authorities indicate that we do not suffer by comparison as far as our standards are concerned.

Edinburgh and its medical school is very famous and, after spending a week in Cowan House, one of the University Hostels, one learns of the dominance of the Faculty of Medicine, and of the comparative absence of the University College organisation. The hostels are primarily for the purpose of providing board and residence and not for tutorials. Of Glasgow and Aberdeen one had but fleeting glimpses and by no means enough time was spent to formulate any opinions.

Some 12 years ago, after some days at the University of California at Berkeley, near San Francisco, one gained quite definite impressions, as one did also at Leland Stanford University, not far away. A recent visit to New York, Chicago, Boston and Los Angeles gave one further opportunities of seeing something of the Universities of Columbia, Chicago, Harvard and the southern branch of the University of California.

These American institutions are overpowering in their magnitude and in the complexity of their development.

It is difficult to believe that each of the Universities of California and Columbia can look after the interests each year of some 30,000 or more students, and yet they do.

Many of these are teachers doing a summer vacation course, but the size and wealth of these places is almost terrifying to one from an Australian institution. The large American Universities are very well endowed and major activities in places far afield are assumed by these institutions. The University of Yale, for example, has taken upon itself the investigation of the Ethnology of the Polynesian and Melanesian peoples in the Pacific Ocean region. The Geological Department of the University of Princeton has charged itself with the investigation of the Bahamas Bank in the West Indies, and so it goes on. Harvard for years has been associated closely with the investigation of the coral reef problem and immense sums of money are spent annually on these research investigations.

One may now enquire as to how our graduates from the University of Queensland compare with the graduates from these other Dominion, British and American Universities.

My experience is such that we may have a feeling of quiet confidence that we are producing a type of man who is at no disadvantage on the score of natural ability, and who on the score of general training does not find himself wanting when pitted against others elsewhere of the same standing.

Often, he is more used to improvising means of carrying on his investigations and researches, and in open competition with men from other places he is well able to hold his own.

The graduates from each and all of our Australian Universities are well and favourably known in Oxford, Cambridge, London and elsewhere. Sir Charles Martin, the late Director of the Lister Institute, was frequently consulted over Australian University appointments, and he told me recently, in Cambridge, that there are many more Australian graduates occupying high academic posts in England than vice versa.

On the side of research, however, one finds our facilities both in the way of equipment and laboratories with the associated finance for maintenance, comparatively deficient. This is perhaps what one might expect! More adequate provision of research scholarships or fellowships for those of our graduates who have a flair for research appears to be our most urgent need.

Some of those should be in the nature of travelling scholarships, enabling the graduates to see and work in those institutions where suitable facilities exist, and especially where there are associated men of such standing and research achievement as to inspire the young graduate.

In due course, we must try and attract back to Australia the great majority of these men and have them so placed as to give to our Commonwealth what it needs so badly—help in a general raising of its cultural level and expert advice in the winning and marketing of its natural products.

Leap Year

(By R. J. C.)

Mina could see the casement behind him and the green chintz curtains swelling out in the breeze. She saw the stunted red geranium in its chipped earthenware pot on the sill, and the cool green of nasturtium leaves in the window-box, and a shaft of sunlight which shone right through them, showing their delicate veining.

Outside she could see roofs and chimney-pots and a lean tabby cat walking daintily and purposefully along a spouting. And inside the room Mina noticed that the sun just caught on Andrew's temple and his hair, making it golden and silky like a little boy's. She could only see the back of the canvas, but almost the whole of Andrew was visible, crouched on his camp-stool, working away at his colours; his forehead was wrinkled in a frown of concentration and he bit his lower lip as he worked.

"Turn round a little. That's right."

Mina could no longer see the window, or the sun on Andrew's hair. She fell to the study of herself in the full-length mirror she was now facing. And she was pleased, for, as "The Romany Girl," she was beautiful indeed, in the gaudy, full skirt, dainty blouse and brilliant trinkets, with a crimson 'kerchief only half hiding dark curls. Her skin glowed honey-coloured and her lips were bright and full.

Then Mina gave a great sigh and the necklace rose and fell, and the one bare shoulder gleamed where the light caught it. I'm quite beautiful, she thought (and she glanced again at the mirror for reassurance), but he doesn't seem to notice me. It's the gypsy costume he's painting, and my skin and hair and eyes, not ME.

"Raise the shawl, it's hiding your foot."

She moved the shawl, revealing a brown foot and ankle beneath her skirt. How her arm ached! She seemed to have held the position for hours. The pattern of the sun on the floor was changing. A fly flew through the golden specks of sunlight.

"Rest for a few minutes if you're tired."

She stretched her weary body. How impersonally he spoke. Must not tire my model, he was probably thinking, lot of work ahead. HE was never tired, ready to go on again, bending over his brushes, still frowning.

"Ready again?"

"Yes, thank you."

The cat had seated itself in the sun and was licking its paw all over, methodically. The nasturtium leaves were quivering slightly and making a faint creaking sound. Mina's gaze wandered to the mirror again. There, beyond her own reflection, she could see that of Andrew, glancing at her, frowning down at the canvas, glancing up again, ever so impersonally. She glanced back at her own reflection, studying it.

Then an amazing thing happened. For Mina saw herself leap to her feet and distinctly heard her voice cry out:—"I've had enough of all this. Can't he see I love him, his little boy's hair, and his frown and all."

She felt the colour mount her cheeks, saw Andrew's startled look in the mirror. Then, "madness," she thought. "I'm going crazy," and she clutched the shawl with renewed energy.

Andrew, torn out of a dream world, after his first surprise thought, "Queer! haven't had a drink all day. My nerves must be going!" and went on with his work.

A movement in the mirror caught his eye, for there his own reflection laid down the brush which he could still feel in his hand, lent forward, and said:

"I say, little girl, you ARE pretty when you blush like that."

This time both gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the mirror which by now showed, quite normally, a fair-haired young man and a dark-haired young woman exhibiting intense surprise and embarrassment.

Both recovered, both felt uneasy, both felt that one or the both was mad.

Mina resumed her pose, Andrew picked up his brush. Then he suddenly knew.

"My God, of course I am; I'm in love with her. Mina, Mina darling, why didn't I know it before, you bright little 'Romany Girl!'" he shouted.

In the mirror the fair hair and the dark came together. The fingers of a small, honey-coloured hand uncurled and the gypsy shawl fell to the floor.

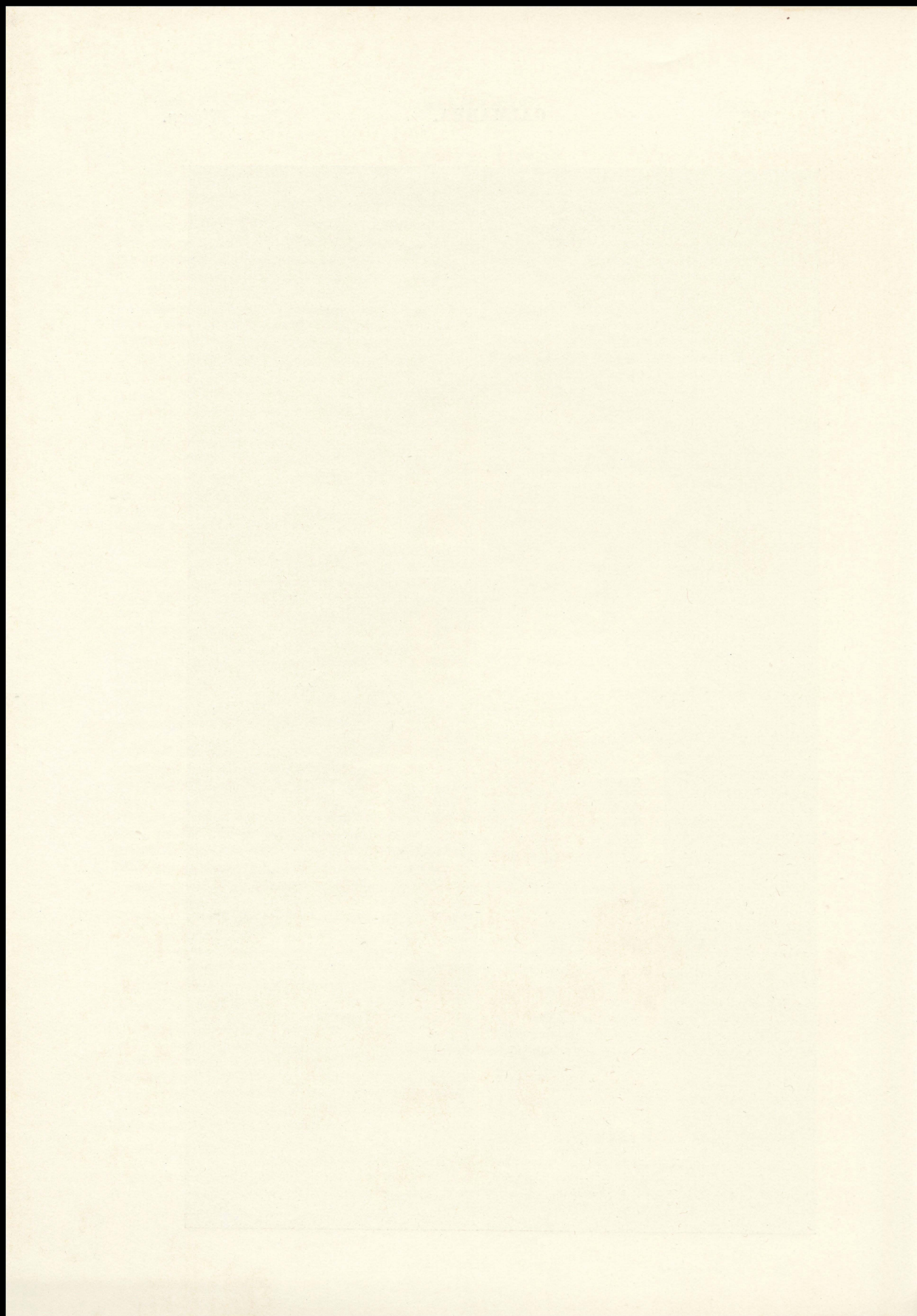
And there lay the real shawl on the real floor, with the sun making a pattern on one corner of it.

July, 1936.

GALMAHĀ.

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Alarums and Excursions --- Off

(By E. H.)

Well into the fourth decade of the twentieth century, it is comic enough to be still writing about Shakespeare. He died at the beginning of the seventeenth, and after three centuries of unceasing editing and criticising by the scholarly and the not-so-scholarly, after three centuries during which more criticism has been written than during any previous thousand years, after three centuries during which literature has grown even more national but criticism more international, then after all this time, I contend, drawing breath at last, he might be left in peace.

Only he won't leave us in peace. In vain do Huxley, the Litwells, Virginia Woolf, T. S. Eliot, Shaw, Galsworthy, Sinclair Lewis, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox exude spirited modern notions and styles, and smile with bright modern, or weep with hopeless modern, faces. Some accident in connection with going to the library to get books for the week-end, or some illness that means convalescence, or perhaps the minor tragedy of being a school teacher, sends us back perchance to "King Lear," or "Julius Caesar," or "Hamlet" or "As You Like It," or even those precious histories of Henry and Richard. And lo! we are charmed again. Sneer we never so, beforehand, we are ensnared by a secret subtle fascination—a fascination, moreover, which is too subtle for the subtle German, to which Goethe and Gervinus, and also a great many English critics make no reference.

It is a charm of language, a capacity for slipping over the barrier of three hundred years' rapid change in language and life, and talking to us in our very own tongue. Sometimes I think that there would be no Hamlet controversies, and no Shakespeare controversies even, if people would act Hamlet and the others before they settled down to swot them, except in so far as swotting would be necessary to be clear on small points of language, construction, and so on. What an experiment! To get together a crowd of actors, educate them in Elizabethan idiom but not at all in Shakespeare, then tell them they were going to act a play, and give them their parts for a first reading! Impossible, like all the most beautiful situations one imagines, but I think that the character and the nature of Hamlet would stand out crystal-clear from a background murky and petty and full of contemptible, and, not wicked, people, and there would be no possible doubt whatever as to what kind of man, first and last, Shakespeare made him.

But I digress. (This, as usual with a certain type of writer, means that I have got something off my chest which was burning a hole in my pocket, so to speak, and am now prepared to get back on to the track, direct

if slender, from which I had no real excuse for ever departing). What this article really started off to say was something like this: That many writers have wit, and many have humour, and many have a fidelity to nature and a truth to life that their publishers are never tired of praising on their dust-covers. But where a modern depends on his idiom, on slang, on "argot," on the particular caste of his characters, on the knowledge he is sure his reader—a contemporary—has of the "nuances" and the implications and innuendoes in his dialogue—stuff which will surely be more than Greek to the reader of even a hundred years hence—and when most of Shakespeare's contemporaries depend on modern research in the details of the language for their convincing naturalness, Shakespeare ("Come! the full stop!") achieves his without effort and without knowledge, it would seem, on anybody's part. For instance, the aptness of my last quotation, as it was used by the King Claudius to poor garrulous, self-important Polonius, is so evident that not the most hardened of editors could annotate it. Similarly, when Hamlet goes in dreadful mood to his mother and answers her reproaches with clean twisting of her words to fit the reproaches he has ready for her, she says, "Why, how now Hamlet? Have you forgot me?" and it is just as plainly evident that she means: "Is that the way to speak to your mother?"

Phrase after phrase comes to mind. There is nothing Elizabethan in Hamlet's impatient jeering at Polonius, "These tedious old fools!" or even, though it is an ungodly collection of puns that no other time would have tolerated in tragedy, in his rude answer to Polonius's account of his histrionic past in the character of Caesar killed by Brutus. "It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there," or again, in his advice to the players, to beware of making fun of the old courtier—"Follow that lord, and look you mock him not," or in his baiting of poor Osric: "It is very cold," "But methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion," or again in that classic answer he extracts from Polonius regarding the cloud that was like a camel and then like a whale—"very like a whale."

But the best illustration of all is given by Lorenzo, the lover who comes late to the meeting with the girl who is eloping with him. Gratiano and the rest are jesting about the frailty of human nature that will not hurry to what is won though before the winning it is eager enough. Then Lorenzo blows in, airily, breezily apologetic to these people who have put themselves out for his sake, and we almost know how he will do it before he comes. "Not I, but my affairs have made you wait," and without even reaching the surface of

consciousness, on every mind that hears the line is registered the translation, "Sorry, I had to see a man about a dog."

A few years ago someone turned the quarrel scene in "Julius Caesar" into American gangster talk. It went well, too. But you could do

that with any scene, and with less change than might be thought. You could slip it easily into Chinese or Russian or Timbuctoo-ian, and be better off. The fascinating thing is that you don't want to, that in scene after scene, even if you know no "Elizabethan" but have common human feelings, you don't need to.

Going to the Dogs

(by R.J.C.)

(With Apologies to John dos Passos)

Dog was dead.

Small black pup, grunting, wet eyes, slobbering mouth,

And lanky legs. Kennel and rough bags. Coarse hairy surface against his muzzle.

Slept less, played on stronger legs, slippers torn, wet feet. Stinking bones damp with clumps of earth.

Racing round a spiky cat, bristling fur, hiss, hiss, hiss!

Newsreel.

CHINAMAN HITS DAGO ON HEAD WITH SAUSAGE.

Outrage in Middle West. When interviewed by our Press representative, victim said, "He sure done me to a turn."

Slept more. Sun on black hair. Less slippers and singing whip.

Old dog walking slowly. Teeth gone, eeny, meeny, miny mo, more teeth gone,

And the rough surface of bags against him,

And the flies buzzing round wet muzzle.

And the cats stalking disdainfully.

Highlights of the Week.

Rome, Italy.

MICKEY MOUSE SAYS HOWDO TO MUSSO.

"My equal at last."

Old dog, fleas in black fur
running,

running,

running,

running.

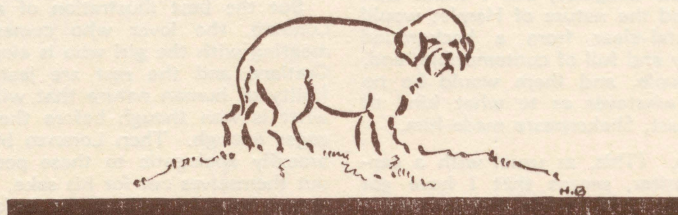
Paw too heavy,

and the flies buzzed,

and the cat stalked,

and the dawg died.

DOG WAS DEAD !!!



The Faculties

(by "CENTURIO")

Arts

*Every supercilious artist claims a lineage sublime,
For he allocates his origin within a classic time,—*

So he treats of Aristotle in a philosophic style

And enthuses effervescently about his Grecian guile;

*And by arguments sardonic,
He pursues a course platonic*

Of flagitious osculation strictly psychic in its rules;

Which, alas! are much neglected—

If not totally rejected—

By initiated proselytes whom observation schools.

When the gelid breath of winter wind refrigerates the earth,

No external exploration will reveal artistic dearth:—

Where the torpid bookworm titivates in academic tome

Is the hibernating artist in his temporary home;

*And with wisdom perspicacious,
Linked with insolence tenacious,*

Occupying spots strategic for a calorific gain

An ophidian per-frigid

He preserves a posture rigid

An intensive cloak of dormancy about his sluggish brain.

So in virtue of his vices he is morally serene,

And conceals a proper langour 'neath a literary screen

Of Elizabethan English, or a brace of Latin lines,

Or a superficial knowledge of some syllogistic signs:

O, an artist apathetic

On a mental plane aesthetic

Philosophically musing on procrastination's joy,

Is bereft of wild emotion—

*Or a cerebral commotion—
Infelicitous conception of the fates that can destroy.*

Science

Now in science are dominions that are easily confused,

Where you stumble over atoms through the universe diffused,

Or you spear a squirming scarab with a scapel as he lies

On a slab of old red sandstone where the fractured fossil dies,

And electrons evanescent

Leave a passage fluorescent

When they clamber over obstacles of discommoding bulk;

And official nomination

Importunes elucidation

In accordance with the tenor of its orthographic hulk.

It is interesting extremely when the hornets have aggressed,

To discover hymenoptera have viciously impressed

Through cutaneous integument a pint of active virus,—

To appreciate such data let the novice be desirous;

Scientific predilection

May be spurred towards perfection

*By fortuitous discovery of scientific fact,
And a swift disintegration,*

In a gaseous conflagration,

Will indubitably inculcate that gas and air react.

Since existence may be terminated moderately well,

By assiduous potations from a metallurgic cell,—

Or contaminating contact with a current wild and free,

*Or the elevating agency of touchy T.N.T.
That to suffer slow translation*

By the crudest application

Of an atavistic hatchet or a prehistoric
spear,
Is to see the gifts accruing,
From the chemist's ardent brewing,
Of a quantity of mustard gas, should
marital times appear.

Now the fundamental concepts being
moulded by his whim,
To produce a kind of universe impossible
to limn;
Then he postulates a deity in co-ordin-
ates cartesian
Emanating through the ether with
molecular cohesion;
So the scientist complacent
Designates a niche adjacent
To the private box of, Plato in the limbo
of the great;
Contemplates a transmutation
Of his physical relation,
And in view of his achievements dies in
scientific state.

Agriculture

In the realm of agriculture is a multi-
tude of pests,
As the cultivator's agony sufficiently
attests;
And the seven plagues of Egypt have a
tendency to light
On his verdant vegetation in the pass-
ing of a night.
So his anxious eye is focussed
On a palpitating locust
Demonstrating delectation for an avenue
of wheat,—
Or a callous caterpillar,
Agitating his maxilla,
With felonious intention in a field of
sugar beet.

Hence a student agricultural is savagely
alert
To annihilate invaders, or inflict a
grievous hurt
On the creeping crunching cohorts in his
consecrated crop
And by diligent defensive bring deple-
tion to a stop.

When disaster is foreboded
By the chlorophyll corroded
He must seize a flammenwerfer and
betake him to the fray—
Intercept the contumacious
Vegetarians voracious
And eradicate the epicures, dissolve
their dense array.

So ubiquity is recognised an excellent
adjunct,
In a ravaged agriculturist already half
defunct,
Who engaged in art agrestic is eternally
prepared
To exterminate an annelid which
actually dared
With a purpose diabolic,
Locomotion parabolic,
To approach a tub of tubers for denti-
cular attack,
While a humorous diversion
Is effected by dispersion
Of the harvest by a cyclone with de-
struction in its track.

Engineering

When a troglodytic human of the neo-
lithic age,
Found profundity of liquid in a river
hard to gauge,—
Natatorial transition of necessity de-
barred
By proximity of animals with disposi-
tion hard,
In his mental agitation
For a proper preservation
He was forced to take advantage of
deracinated trees,
Till a notion all resplendent
With a genius transcendent
Soon suggested that by bridges he could
journey at his ease.

Whence the engineer must arrogate an
ancestry antique
And resents a word detractive with un-
pardonable pique;
From the builders of the pyramids,
professional descent

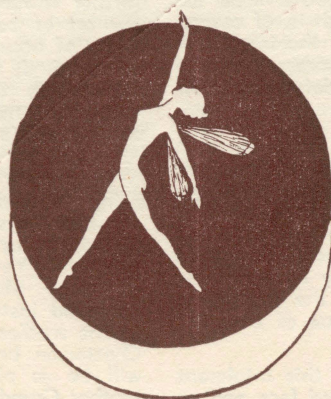
*Finds a modern representative, exclusively intent
On constructive work stupendous,
Whose dimensions are tremendous,
Mathematically measured with an accuracy neat,
Or electrical conveyance
With performance in abeyance
Till a drastic dose of welding makes the damage done complete.
And mechanical adroitness means exhilarating joys,
Plus the constant manufacture of a devastating noise,*

*From the rabid revolution of a rotary device
Intermittently expelling a contrivance in a trice;
But a logical instruction
For a formal introduction
To manipulating switches is a recommended thing,—
To be instantly bisected
By a sparking unexpected
Is a catastrophic ending with a strong ironic sting.*

A reply to the scurrilous statements made in last year's "Galmahra" concerning fairies.

*Light and airy,
Little fairy,
How they wronged you in that song,
It was rumoured, you persuaded
Elves to court you
By the throng.
In forest glades,
Among the shades,
All the fairies gather round,
Making merry, playing, laughing,
Love means nothing
As you've found.
Singing sweetly,
Dancing neatly,
Loving, courting, such a bore;
Better far to find enjoyment,
Living blithely,
As of yore.*

William Roberts



"Goodbye, Mother Grundy"

(By J. C. CAMPBELL)

Mother Grundy is still with us. Despite constant assertions to the contrary, the last puritanical shade of that ubiquitous figure still hovers over us; a Grundyan eye keeps an outraged vigil over our youthful revels, and a scandalised and faintly incoherent scream through the "Letters to the Editor" column of the daily Press denounces our decadence to the high heavens.

In fact, Mother Grundy is one of the very few people who have never left us. Even in the worst days of depression, doubt and disillusionment, she stood grimly over us, presumably to find out how wicked we were so that she could run away and tell people. We knew quite well that our misdemeanours would be discovered, elaborated, advertised and held up as a shining example of "how to be improper." We knew that, even if our reputations were spotless, a Grundyan imagination, coupled with a Grundyan sense of Justice (capital, please, O linotypist) would almost certainly provide us with a secret passion for drugs, chronic alcoholism, or a habit of indulging in some of the other popular forms of viciousness in the small hours of the morning.

The outraged and uninvited guardians of our national morality derived a fund of texts for soap-box orations from the declining Australian birth rate. In fact, so convincingly did they speak and so well informed were they on possible causes and probable effects that one was at times inclined to wonder where they got their information. Then, of course, the frenzied demands for an immediate declaration of war upon Italy during the Italo-Abyssinian skirmish showed that Mother Grundy, far from having completely abandoned her pet theme of the younger degeneration was merely breaking out in fresh spots.

A few more things which only Grundy could have done come to mind, such as the draping of a few statues which displayed a little too much of the human form (which is, of course, so shocking in its nudity), and the imposition of a certain amount of temporary censorial pressure on a book whose sole defect lay in its title—"Nuda Veritas."

They have a great regard for their own honesty and respectability, and for that of their contemporaries of the same advanced age, have these reformers. Yet there is an unpleasant ring of truth in an observation of Ethel Mannin's that "respectable people insist on their honesty only because they have nothing else in their favour. It is like the chastity of a plain woman—making a virtue of a necessity."

It is hard to be tolerant of this intolerant old woman in black, with a hard face and an

umbrella, as she has been represented. Yet, in a way, she is faintly comical. One invariably feels that it would be worth a holiday in Sandgate (yes, even that) to see the expression on her face if she became suddenly aware that some essential portion of her underclothing had broken loose from its moorings and was in immediate danger of being festooned about her ankles.

Yet, although she provides amusement for the irreverent and entertainment for all, we really feel that we could do without her.

So many people are so uncommonly vicious that they can see nothing shocking in the sight of an over-exposed female form, except, in many cases, from an aesthetic point of view, and they believe implicitly that a healthy awareness of things is better than a state of unhealthy innocence or curiosity. And if, as we are frequently told, people to-day have not the religious belief that their parents had, it must at least be admitted that an intelligent scepticism is vastly superior to a blind, unthinking acceptance of other people's ideas. And the recent abundance of twins in Melbourne must surely be an omen that the Australian birth-rate is about to increase.

As an embryo-Freudian, I have a lot of repression theories about Mother Grundy. I find in her actions nothing but an unhealthy desire to use other people's experiences as a stimulant to replace the experiences she was afraid to have herself. There is nothing healthy in whispered conversations over bridge tables and teacups, in stealthy listening in on party lines and in a fervid interest in the indiscretions of other people.

People who adopt these pastimes are pests, and often criminal pests. When we have got rid of them we shall have advanced one step further towards a complete comprehension of the art of being alive, as opposed to philosophy of occupying space and watching things go round. I, for one, shall be delighted to bid farewell to these dealers in half-truths, inventors of malicious gossip and collectors of other people's private affairs.

At present there seems no hope of their being disposed of. They are as fixed a part of our social system as temporary taxes and as ubiquitous as "The Music Goes Round and Around." Yet some day, I feel, there will be no more Mother Grundy; and that time honoured institution will have been relegated to the mediaeval dust heap over which G. K. Chesterton browsed so fondly. And no one will be as pleased as I to say, "Good-bye, Mother Grundy."

The Passing of Abel Wagner

(by F.G.C.)

A Sketch or a Philosophy

Old Wagner was dying—behind the green shutters of his mansion in Laurel Grove. Closed windows, and constant callers whose very non-chalance and swagger proclaimed them doctors, had aroused the passing interest of a few urchins; but only for a minute. The friendly sunshine drew them off soon enough. For the morning of life is sweet.

Old Wagner sighed. Life had been hard, but the domineering old silver head had won its battle—for what? It seemed to be troubling this master of trade lying there so weak and pathetic, for the sigh deepened. First it had been his children who were to share his fortune and inspire his efforts. But they had been unwilling, and the only two now left he would almost not have known after the twenty years' interval. Proud, like himself, he mused, they would not come back crawling to him after all their upbraidings. Too proud, maybe, for now he had hardly space enough left to see them, even if they did come. Still he was not to blame; the business needed money more than his d—— family. That was his pet, his soul. Why would they not wait as he was prepared to? Why not—

"Now lie still, Mr. Wagner. You know what Dr. Lewis said."

Dr. Lewis need not have ordered rest, for the shaggy old head relapsed on to the pillow from sheer exhaustion, muttering what the nurse explained as "meanderings—but you know how it is with these old fellows!"

But Wagner, never a scholar, and not of a make-up more philosophical than his type, was trying to realise—for the first time. Eternity seemed brought home to his heart and a sob almost welled up. Was he worth only this? Could not that science he had, out of a sense of duty rare in such a worldling, so generously endowed, give back some of his strength at least? That professor in his inaug—l lecture (some technical b— phrase) had spoken of life, its simplicity and creation. And now life seemed to be slipping, draining out of his shrunken frame. All science could do now was to deny him his friends, his sons didn't seem anxious to forget their quarrel (surly little

brats), but anyway his friends also might not want to. Those boys, men now, he almost forgot, why didn't they feel as he could towards them?

Surely if a man built up a name like his—"Abel Wagner Ltd."—it sounded good, didn't it, when you considered all the departments, bustle, business in that great shop? But why? why? why? if no one's to benefit. What's the use of just working, slaving all through life? O God! what does anybody care?

"There now," the nurse's beaming face heralded the doctor, "isn't he looking fine. Improved decidedly, I'd say. Here's the doctor, Mr. Wagner. Bright and busy as usual! Yes, doctor."

Why didn't they stop all this fussing. He wouldn't get better. Didn't want to now. Just trying to get more money out of him.

The doctor, like a grinning salesman, did his usual tricks, confound him, palavered and excused himself off to some other unfortunate. Old Wagner tried to sleep.

Sleep!—there'll be enough of that! What of this riddle so torturing—why all this? What of the ultimate?

Values so incomprehensible to a mere mechanic. How face death now and realise its import. The soul, warped it is true by surroundings, stumbled and was afraid.

A sigh escaped the lips, now too weak to murmur. What is the answer? The world looks very small now, and its goals and triumphs paler. Even the panorama of life now visible has lost its meaning; for a moment and its course is run. The pettiness of everything strikes that soul reaching out for the ultimate. Nothing of earth seems lasting. How is it that the spirit advances and assumes control. Life falls like a worn-out garment. No need to seek its texture. The soul passes through—to Eternity.

And as the morning sun tipped the poplars outside a breath left the body of Abel Wagner.

"Donna e Mobile"

(By "Suomynona.")

SCENE I.

Nine o'clock in Fitzroy Chancey's sun-room.

Chancey is seated in an armchair when Parker, the butler, enters with the mail.

Parker: Good-morning, sir.

Fitzroy: Good-morning, Parker. An early mail this morning?

Parker: Yes, sir, and not too few of them either. Your latest book has certainly won its band of admirers. I see three from America already. By the way, sir, are there any special arrangements for to-day?

Fitzroy: Just as usual, Parker. Lunch with Betty and then our round of golf. Oh, yes, I was forgetting. We're seeing "Rigoletto" at Covent Garden to-night, so I shan't be in for tea. Also tell the chauffeur he can have the day off as I'll be driving to-night.

Parker: Is that all, sir?

Fitzroy: Yes! Oh, just a moment. If Betty Ramsbottom should ring, I'll take the call from the study.

SCENE II.

9.30 the same morning.

The drawing-room in Betty Ramsbottom's house. With her, is her friend and ally, Margaret Lancelot.

Betty: Oh, Margaret, it's just too wonderful for words. I nearly gave myself away when he asked me to "Rigoletto." You know, dear, even in a case like this, one must still possess a . . . , what shall I call it? An air of sophistication and aloofness.

Margaret: Yes, but he seems to know women so well. Don't you remember his Joan in "Moon Magic," how truthfully he interpreted her thoughts after she had met John. Perhaps he realises he is in John's own shoes.

Betty: I hope not. The winter season has only just started and there's hardly a soul in town. Young Lord Wendley has gone to Monte Carlo and Cecil is still in America. I'll have to hold Fitz. somehow. I know. Let's ring him now.

She telephones.

Hullo, is that M 1234? Could I speak to Mr. Chancey please?

Silence.

Such a glorious English name, isn't it, Margaret?

Oh, is that you, Fitzroy. It's Betty speaking. Listen, Fitz., I'm terribly sorry, but I just remembered I'd promised to attend a birthday party to-night. I'd just love to go with you to "Rigoletto."

Fitzroy: But Betty, you said to-night would be perfectly free for you and I thought we would be seeing such a lot of each other. As it is I'm only here for the winter and then I leave for Australia.

Betty: (Concernedly.) Oh, Fitz! Why didn't you tell me that before. Of course I can come. They won't mind one scrap if I'm not at the party.

(Later when she has rung off.)

Lord, that was close! Did you hear what he said? Only here for the winter and then £50,000 leaves England, perhaps for good. And you know what those Australian girls are like. Don't smile, Margaret. It's serious this time. I've absolutely got to land him before he leaves for Australia. Pass me the cigarettes, please. They help me to think.

Enter maid, who, like the butler, bears some letters and the morning paper.

Betty: Oh, thanks Jane. Here's the paper, Margaret. Only four letters! London must be empty. Oh, Jane, before you go. I shan't be in for lunch or dinner as I'm playing golf this afternoon and going to Covent Garden this evening. See that my new dress from Marrell's is ready for to-night.

Jane: Yes, Miss. Is there anything more, Miss?

Betty: Not at present, Jane. You may go. (Exit.)

Betty: (Perusing her letters). Well, of all the cheek! Here's a letter from that Paul de l'Espiron I met at the Crystal Palace. Quite a kid you know. Weren't you with me at the time?

Margaret: You mean the boy with the mass of red hair and those terrible ideas on music. I heard that he played in a troubadour show in Brighton. I can well believe it. I only tolerated him because Lady Hausely admired his playing so much. A virtuoso, she called him, as though he were as good as Listz or Horowitz. Anyway, what has happened now?

Betty: He actually wants me to accompany him to the premier of his new play this evening. Wants me, mark you! Why, I wouldn't be seen in the morgue with him, let alone at his piffly revue. I can't understand how . . .

Margaret: You're wrong, Betty, you're wrong. (Suddenly looking up from the paper.)

Here's his photograph in this morning's paper. On the main page too. and listen to this of all things: "The

Meteoric rise to fame of Paul de l'Espiron has completely astonished the ranks of the musical world. His latest composition has just appeared in New York and already ten million feet are tapping to its rhythm. M. de l'Espiron, who is now in England, has opened at the Criterion with the play incorporating this new song hit." Then come a lot of biographical details, and here's the tit-bit: "The rights of this song have already been

sold to Messrs. ——— and Co., at a sum only dreamed of by the majority of composers."

Betty: Oh, Margaret, it's too wonderful for words. I must telephone at once; in fact, send two calls and as all pleasurable duties should be done, leave the best until the last. What a discovery, Margaret, and what a gloriously foreign name he has! (Rings) Give me M 1234, please.

The Cow

*One day as in the fields I strolled,
When new-mown hay was not yet
old,*

*I chanced upon a lonely cow,
That stood beneath a shady bough.
Not fat it was, nor yet too lean,
Its very face, its whole demean,
Its modest, unassuming air,
And absolutely vacant stare,
Marked it a cow whose happy life
Was never harmed by worldly
strife.*

*But looking in its moist brown
eye,*

*I fancied that I heard a sigh,
I saw a sad and wistful tear,
Upon its lashes dark appear.
A fly upon its dark blue nose
Could not disturb its sad repose.
I wondered what deep wound,
what smart,*

Was throbbing in its bovine heart.

*"Oh, cow," I said, "unhappy
cow,*

*"What secret sorrow pains you
now,*

*"What poignant tale of love or
fear*

"Has caused this solitary tear?

"Confess to me, and I will roll,

*"The clouds of sorrow from your
Soul!"*

*It did not heed my friendly word,
Ungrateful creature and absurd,*

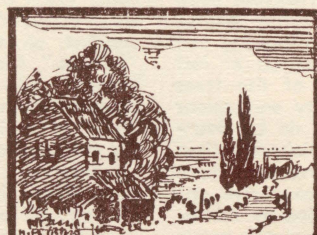
*It looked me wistfully in the eye,
While from its nose it blew the fly,*

And venting a prodigious yawn

It trod with force upon my corn;

*Oh, wicked beast, both harsh and
rude,*

To show me such ingratitude!



"Men of To-morrow"

(by V.M.M.)

It is not my intention to recall a film which you may have seen a few months ago. No, I merely wish to speak of a few aspects of the life of the real "men of to-morrow"—and that is, of course, of the women too—who in twenty years or so will be called upon to play a part in the affairs of their countries. For to-day the child has become a being of great interest and importance to the grown-up world. The days have passed when children were chiefly objects to be seen, and that only when convenient, and rarely to be heard.

So, too, have those days passed when all the early education of children was in hands of tutors, often indifferently suited to the task and when it was only on reaching young manhood or womanhood that their presence as individuals was really recognised. No longer are the clothes of Mademoiselle, aged six, the exact replica of those of Madame, with their heavy frills, ribbons, and laces. The change in dress is no mere fashion, it is representative of the change in attitude towards the child. We have no doubt lost many charming little pictures, but we have gained instead a generation of children whose right to individuality has been established. A change has not only taken place in the home life of the child. For the importance to the state of the education of the child has been strongly felt, and in every country the government legislates on various matters concerned with child welfare. Throughout the world child psychologists, perhaps often with a great amount of fuss and nonsense, are constantly developing theories for both the mental and moral education of children.

For a long time now we have been familiar with the work done by educationalists and others interested in the development of children in England and America. In many matters they have been leaders. But they have by no means been alone in their work. France, for one, has been quick to follow, and sometimes to outstrip, them. One of the most noteworthy achievements of France in her work for children, and one of which she is justly proud, is the laying out of gardens and playgrounds. These delightful "parcs d'enfants" are sights to please even the most superior of adults. On holidays the green lawns are dotted with children who have come there with their parents and nurses to play about in the open air and enjoy all the delights which the "parcs" have to offer. Running, skipping, playing one game then another, they are wearied at last and come to rest in the shade of the trees which add so much to the beauty and colour of the whole setting. The "parc de La Bourboule" is perhaps a little more elaborate than most, though it is no outstanding exception. In quite a rural setting is this extensive enclosure with its pavilion surrounded by miniature tennis courts, basket ball courts, courts

for French games like the Basque "pelote," a swimming pool, shallow pools and streams greatly favoured by young boys with their boats—in short, there is provision for almost every game that interests the French boy or girl. But France, like England and America, has been, for some years, regularly developing her educational system: though it is now vastly different from what it was during the last century, there have been few startlingly sudden changes.

In three European countries, however, there have been very interesting changes and developments in the educational system during recent years. I speak of Italy, Germany and Russia. In all three the authorities control education more definitely with an eye to the future welfare of the State.

In Italy Mussolini, stressing the importance of the family to the State, gives every help to parents and he sees to it that the State takes an interest in the child from its earliest years. It is an important aim in the school course to train the child not only to an ardent love of country, but also to a respect for "il Duce." There exists for each class a uniform book, similar to the prescribed "reading books" in our State schools. Besides information on various topics, even the books of the early classes contain chapters entirely devoted to the person of Mussolini. There are pictures of his early youth in his modest home at Predappio, and of his life up till the time when he raised himself as an adversary of Communism. Then follows an outline of his work of reconstruction as Dictator. In the account of contemporary history, too, an important place is given to the revolution of the Black Shirts. Thus in the early training of the children is born that enthusiasm for their leader which, at frequent intervals in Italian life, bursts forth in loud, earnest cries of "VIVA IL DUCE." But the training of Italy's "men of to-morrow" must not cease in the school room. They must be prepared to take an active part in the development of their country; above all, some, at least, must be prepared for the land. For Mussolini saw the cause of the decreasing population in the increased desire for city life, and so coupled with his aim of swelling the population is his aim of re-settling and developing the land. From the age of eight years, young boys are instructed—that is, of course, with the consent of their parents—in the work of "ballilas." Clad in their neat uniforms—we are familiar with them from pictures of Fascist demonstrations—they work under the supervision of their instructors. Each instructor is the commander of his squadron, and it is under his orders that the "ballilas" march on parade days. From these ranks of sturdy young children, already being trained in discipline, in love of country, and in love of work, there will

come the men upon whom the destiny of the country will depend — men who will hold positions from those of the highest officials to those of the lowliest tradesmen and workers. The future will show the result of this early, systematic training.

In Germany, again, the schools are used as a field of political propaganda. The curriculum is strictly laid down and enforced, and the school books are chosen with a view to instilling into the children's minds "orthodox" ideas. Even the ordinary school uniform has been replaced by the brown costumes of the "Hitlerjugend" in which all German scholastic institutions, with the exception of Jewish and Catholic ones, have been incorporated. Each morning, at the commencement of school, groups of little brown-clad children may be seen marching past their teacher and raising their hands in the Hitler salute, which he (or she) must return. The children must be trained in discipline: they have their young chiefs—jungbannführer—to whom they owe strict obedience. But the jungbannführer have control only at school. Outside, command is in the hands of "gruppenführer," whose power is in force at meetings, parades, manifestations and excursions into the country. The last are particularly popular, for in recent years there have been more sports, more exercises, more open-air life; and there has been too, as in Italy, a marked return to rural life. In their training the boys are hardened for work on the land. In addition, they are prepared for the future army. The girls also have their corresponding organisations—The Bund Deutscher Mädel—whose members, ranging in age from 10 to 18 years, number about one million. Besides activities which one would expect to find in the routine of girls' organisations, theirs include some which we are inclined to think belong entirely to boys. However Hitler doubtless has his reasons for such measures, and may perhaps achieve his end. In any case, he has realised that whatever he wishes for the future must have its beginnings in the training of the children.

Unfortunately we must admit that in every country there exist two pictures in the life of the children—one of bright little boys and girls well cared for by parents or guardians: the other, a pitiful one, of poor unfortunates whose young lives are spent amidst the sordid, depraved atmosphere of the slums; of ragged, miserable little creatures, ignorant of love and kindness and care, frequently forced to find shelter at night in the cold, dark porches of some building. In Russia, it is the latter picture which is presented to us perhaps more

frequently than elsewhere. However, one thing may be said in favour of the Soviet government, for, despite the fact that it is depriving the children of many of the things they have a right to, it has in many ways improved their conditions. In most parts of the U.S.S.R., even in the country districts, creches, homes and schools have been built, and the children are being taught not only to read and write, but also to apply the elementary rules of hygiene. In fact, we are told that the majority of children in Russia have learned to wash their hands several times a day and to brush their teeth! In the schools twenty million children are being prepared morally and physically, with a view to serving the political system of the nation. Hours of work are carefully regulated; no lesson in a primary school may exceed forty-five minutes, and, in a secondary school, one hour. There has been practically a universal adoption of the system of physical culture similar to that in force in English schools. In games the Russian child displays a taste which seems peculiar to us:—Chess, which is his favourite, has become the national game. Crowds of young boys have been seen marching through the streets, each one carrying a poster or an imitation chess-board, advocating the spread of chess. In their collective games the young children are prepared for work. Even a simple "game of trains" is taken as an opportunity of inculcating the idea that when one group of men has finished its work, another must be ready to take it up. Certainly, when compared with the state of education at the beginning of the century, the system of to-day is, in many ways, a vast improvement. In fact, it has been said that in Russia, where we may not criticise so many things, we can least criticise the work that is being done for the children.

Yet, while each country of the world is doing all that it considers best for its children, people are asking "What is the use of it all if we are rearing children only to destroy one another with all the horrors of warfare?" Certainly we are told every day that war is practically inevitable in the future, and doubtless, from a purely human view-point, all the work is being wasted if such is to be their fate. Nevertheless, whatever the disturbing influence of this thought upon the lives of both adults and children, it does not seem that it will in any essential manner change the principle of child education which has made the life of the modern child so different from that of the child of yesterday. The world will continue to help, in the best possible manner the "men of to-morrow."

Professorial Appointments

PROFESSOR WILKINSON

Professor Herbert John Wilkinson, now the Professor of Anatomy at this University, is a native of Adelaide, where he graduated in Arts at the Adelaide University in 1914. He held appointments as science master at the Adelaide High School, 1913-15, the Brisbane Grammar School in 1915, and the Sydney Grammar School 1916-20. He then took a course in medicine at the Sydney University and graduated with honours in 1925. In 1926 he won the Peter Bancroft Prize, which was founded in memory of Dr. Peter Bancroft, of Brisbane, for research in medicine. While still a medical student he was demonstrator in Histology in the Department of Anatomy, and on graduation was appointed Lecturer in Anatomy. In 1928, as a member of the Rockefeller Foundation, he visited Holland, Sweden, Germany, England and the United States, where he worked in various research centres, and occupied himself, among other things, with research on the innervation of muscle.

In 1930 he returned to the Adelaide University, having been appointed Professor of Anatomy and Histology.

What is of particular interest to students of this University is that he was the President of the Union at the Adelaide University before he came here. It has been the custom there until this year to appoint a member of the staff to the position of Union President. Professor Wilkinson realised the advantages of a Student President, and was instrumental in bringing about the change, which was effected at the beginning of this year. It is also interesting to us to know that he finds a definite similarity between the Universities of Adelaide and Queensland—the same co-operation between the members of the staff and between the staff and the students, the same friendly atmosphere.

Professor Wilkinson was chairman of the Graduates' Union at the Adelaide University. He is also a member of the Australian National Research Council, a Fellow of the Royal Society of South Australia, and a member of the Anatomical Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

In addition to these things, he has many other interests. We may example his love of music, his interest in dramatic work, in photography, and in sport, particularly tennis. We find him keen and enthusiastic about the prospects of the new faculty, feeling that the future is a happy one for himself and the Faculty of Medicine at least.

PROFESSOR LEE

Dr. Douglas Harry Kedgwin Lee, M.Sc., M.B., B.S., the recently appointed Professor of Physiology, is, it is interesting to note, one of our own graduates.

He was born in England, where he completed his primary education. He came to Queensland, and from 1918-1922 attended St. Joseph's College, Nudgee, from which in 1919 he was awarded the Byrnes' medal. Coming to the University of Queensland with an Open Scholarship in 1921, Dr. Lee was admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Science with first class honours in Biology in 1925. In 1927 he gained his M.Sc. At the University of Sydney he graduated, 1929, M.B., B.S., with first class honours, with the University medal.

In 1929 he worked at the Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, and in 1930 joined the Commonwealth Department of Health.

Dr. Lee then took a diploma course in tropical medicine, and spent two and a half years on the goldfields of Western Australia, particularly in connection with the Government control of miners' phthisis.

He was transferred to Lismore, N.S.W., where he spent twelve months in charge of the Commonwealth Pathological Laboratories. Dr. Lee then resigned to go to University College, London, in 1932, where he did a post graduate course and research work in connection with the physiology of heat effects.

He worked under Prof. Lovatt Evans and at the London School of Hygiene in tropical medicine and in experimental physiology and human reactions to heat. In 1934 and 1935 he won the Sharpey Scholarship and the Schafer Prize respectively. In 1935 he was elected a Rockefeller Medical Fellow to Harvard University, where he spent four months at the Fatigue Laboratory. In December, 1935, Dr. Lee was appointed Professor of Physiology to the King Edward VII. College of Medicine, Singapore.

Dr. Lee commented upon the considerable growth of this University since he was here. The establishment of the new faculties is definitely an advance in the right direction, but it is to be hoped that the students manage to keep a "family" attitude in spite of the diversity of courses, and do not slip into that isolation of faculties that is so characteristic of other larger Universities.

PROFESSOR SEDDON

The Senate of the University of Queensland, in selecting Dr. H. R. Seddon to be the first Professor of Veterinary Science, chose a man who has already acquired a more than Australian-wide reputation in his profession and who has revealed outstanding capacities for scientific administration and practical research in positions held in more than one Australian State.

Born in Tauranga (N.Z.) in 1887, Dr. Seddon attended the Auckland Grammar School until shortly before his fifteenth birthday, when he accepted a position in the New Zealand civil service. Up to that time he had not

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GALMAHRA.

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PROF. WILKINSON



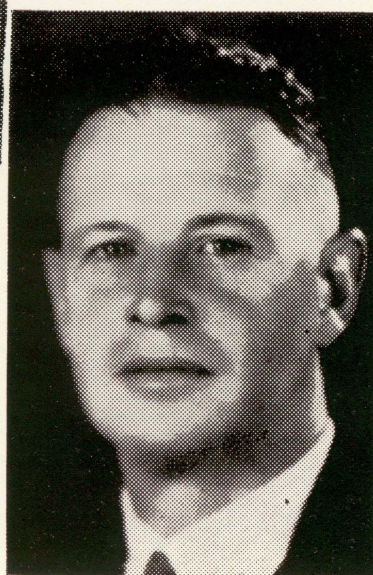
PROF. LEE



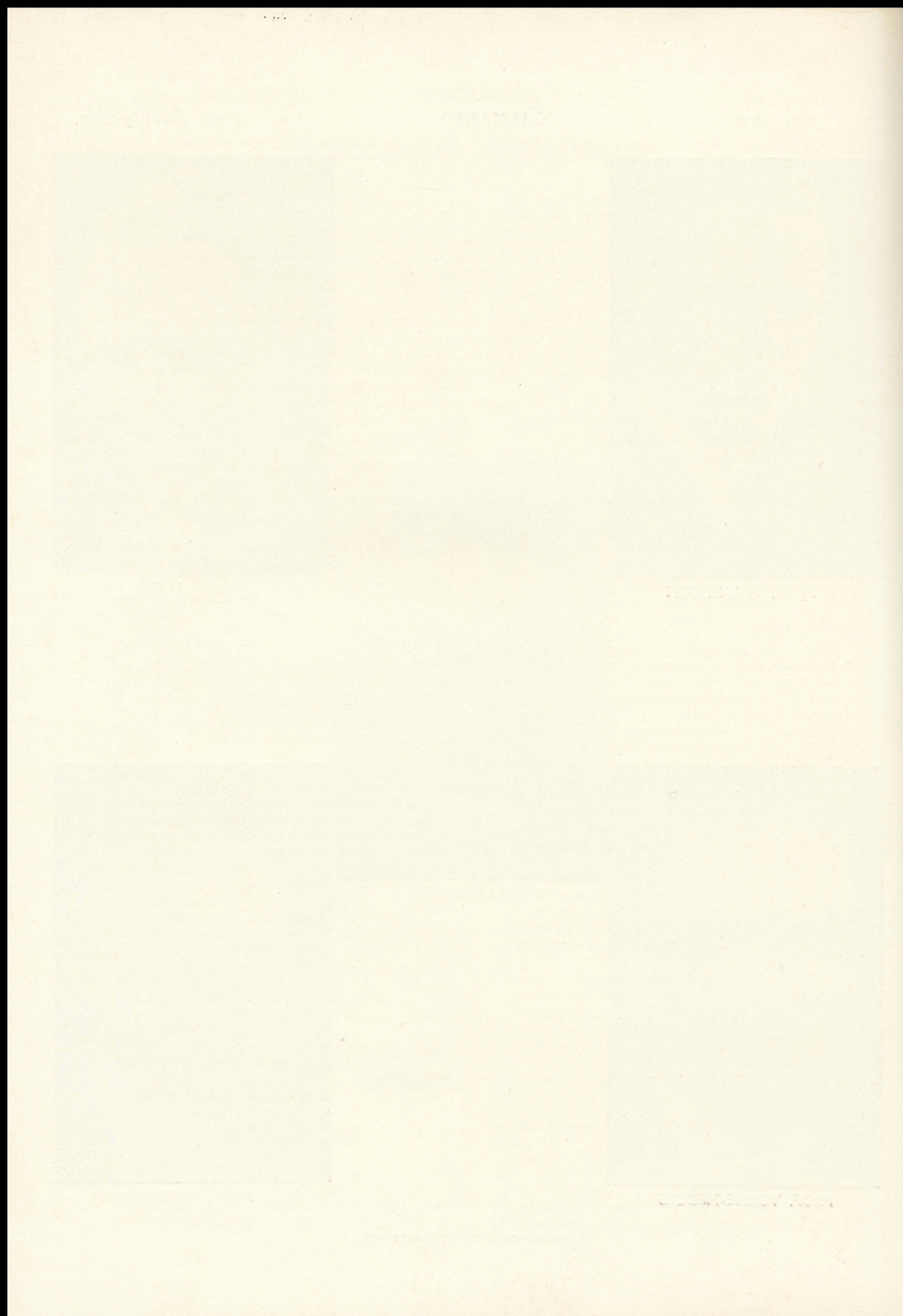
PROF. HELMORE



PROF. YORKE-HEDGES



PROF. SEDDON



specialised nor revealed a special aptitude for science, but he left school with a brilliant academic record on the modern side and a fair record on the playing field.

In 1908, Dr. Seddon secured the New Zealand matriculation, but he preferred to come to Australia with his mentor and friend, Dr. J. A. Gilruth, who in 1909 became Dean of the (then) Veterinary Faculty in the University of Melbourne. Here in 1913, Dr. Seddon graduated Bachelor of Veterinary Science with first class honours in several subjects, winning two gold medals. During his final year he acted as demonstrator in Veterinary Pathology and Bacteriology, and after graduation he continued on as a lecturer. In the earlier war years he undertook the preparation of anti-meningococcal serum for the Defence Department. In 1917 he joined the Australian Army Veterinary Corps and saw active service in Egypt, Palestine and Syria, holding the rank of a captain.

After the Armistice, Dr. Seddon attended the final year course for membership of the Royal College of Veterinary Science. Whilst abroad, he visited continental laboratories and made himself thoroughly conversant with veterinary methods and research there. In 1920 he returned to Australia, and in the following year was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Veterinary Science of the Melbourne University on presentation of a thesis covering his researches on bovine contagious abortion.

From 1920 to 1922 Dr. Seddon was senior lecturer in Veterinary Pathology and Bacteriology at the Melbourne University. In 1923 he became Director of the Veterinary Research Department of Agriculture, at Glenfield. Here he was largely instrumental in promoting a striking development in the veterinary administration of that State, and by this means, as well as by the researches he pursued, Dr. Seddon made the Glenfield Research Station known throughout the world. For a time he was also acting lecturer in Veterinary Pathology and Bacteriology in the Sydney University. With the exception of time spent abroad at international veterinary congresses, he remained at Glenfield until he recently accepted appointment as the first occupier of the Chair of Veterinary Science in this University.

In 1930 Dr. Seddon was the New South Wales Government delegate to the World Poultry Congress, held in London. Later he represented the Commonwealth and New South Wales at the International Veterinary Congress, to which he was selected to contribute a paper, and before returning to Australia he acted as Commonwealth delegate to the Wool Research Conference. Again he visited veterinary institutions on the Continent and, in addition, spent some time in South Africa. After his return he was selected to deliver the Kendall Oration at Canberra.

Throughout his distinguished career, Professor Seddon has made his work his chief hobby. He is a foundation member, past secretary and

past president of the Australian Veterinary Association; he has been twice president of the New South Wales Veterinary Association; he is a member of the Australian National Research Council, and in 1930 he was president of the Veterinary Science section of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science. He has contributed more than a hundred papers to Australian and British scientific journals.

In his new position Dr. Seddon will institute a course specially orientated to meet Queensland needs. The new School of Veterinary Science will be established in the grounds of the Animal Health Station, Yeerongpilly. Particular attention will be directed to Animal Husbandry and Preventive Medicine, as applied to all classes of live stock, including poultry. The close association between the school and the Animal Health Station will no doubt lead to an intensification of research into animal disease. His work in this regard will be furthered by his activities as Veterinary Adviser to the Queensland Department of Agriculture and Stock.

Dr. Seddon has come to Queensland as one who has already achieved a reputation for veterinary research and administration. He is acquainted with the latest laboratory methods and investigations of veterinary scientists in many lands. In the hands of one so well qualified the new Faculty of Veterinary Science should make an auspicious start.

PROFESSOR YORKE-HEDGES

Though young, as professors go, Professor Yorke-Hedges has come to this University well equipped by a brilliant course in the law school of the Victoria University, Manchester, post-graduate research, and by eleven years' experience as a lecturer in law.

Born in 1903, Professor Yorke-Hedges attended the Manchester Central High School, from which, in 1921, he entered the University of Manchester. In 1924, he graduated Bachelor of Laws with first class honours, receiving the Faulkner Fellowship and a Graduate Research Scholarship. He remained at Manchester to conduct his research, and for his work in this regard he had the degree of Master of Laws conferred upon him in 1927. In 1925 he was awarded a Rockefeller Fellowship in Social Science and spent some time in research work at Harvard University, and then at the Institute of International Studies, Geneva. Here he received the Diplome des Hautes Etudes Internationales for a thesis on international law.

Whilst proceeding to his degree of Master of Laws Professor Yorke-Hedges acted as assistant lecturer in law. After his return from Geneva in 1928 he was appointed a lecturer at the Victoria University, and in 1931 he became senior lecturer in law. He relinquished this position to become Professor of Law in the newly formed T. C. Beirne School of Law.

In his undergraduate days, Professor Yorke-Hedges was a member of the Manchester Uni-

versity Mountaineering Club and also a keen ice skater. He participated in the debating activities of his Law School, but his chief hobby, both then and afterwards, has been travel. He has visited most Western European countries, and has travelled extensively in America.

Since graduation, Professor Yorke-Hedges has written three books, "Legal History of Trade Unionism," "The Law Relating to Restraint of Trade" and "International Organisation." For his published works Professor Yorke-Hedges was made a Doctor of Laws in 1932. He has also contributed to the British Year Book of International Law, the American Journal of International Law, and the Journal of Comparative Legislation and International Law.

PROFESSOR HELMORE

Professor Francis Ernest Helmore matriculated in Dentistry in March, 1922, at the University of Sydney and was admitted to degree of B.D.Sc. with Second Class Honours in 1926. In 1934 he obtained the degree of Doctor of Dental Science for a thesis of outstanding merit.

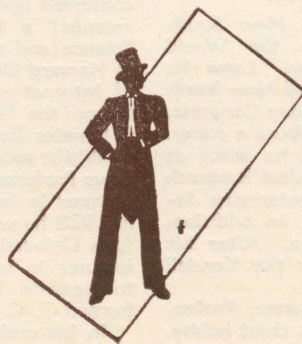
Professor Helmore practised in Newcastle for some ten years before his appointment to this University, and was Senior Honorary Dental Surgeon and sole In-Patient Dental Consultant to the Newcastle Hospital. He was a member of the Honorary Medical Board of the hospital, and organised the In-Patient Dental Department with a maximum of efficiency. He is particularly interested in oral surgery and radiography, and in his hospital service in Newcastle gained considerable experience in these

branches. For some years Professor Helmore has conducted research work on one aspect of Dental Medicine, and in connection with the 1934 Dental Congress held in Newcastle, he was entrusted with the important task of Clinic Organiser, in addition to giving a surgical clinic himself.

Professor Helmore is very hopeful with regard to the newly established Faculty of Dentistry. He sees an opportunity for avoiding the mistakes that other Universities have unavoidably made. Moreover, before the foundation of the faculty, dental education at this University had already been organised on sound lines; there is a good foundation on which to build. There is, indeed, a great amount of "building" to be done, and reorganisation cannot be complete until the new school is ready. The Anatomy and Dental Departments have hardly enough room in the small Anatomy School in Alice Street, and progress will not be what it should be until all facilities are available.

Professor Helmore appears to like the life here very well. He is enthusiastic about the co-operation of the members of the staff, and about the co-ordination of the different faculties, and finds in the latter particularly a contrast to the state of things at the Sydney University, where dentistry is inclined to be looked upon as the "poor sister" of medicine.

Apart from his work, Professor Helmore's interest lies mainly in sport, where he shows ability in rowing, ski-ing, tennis and golf, the last apparently occupying him chiefly since he came to Brisbane. That is, in the time he can spare from his work of reorganisation, which, in view of his desire for immediate progress, occupies much of his time and thought.



Naked Nightmare

A drowsy day in the middle of summer—and the lecture room was very hot. "Damn this lecture," somebody muttered, but I was interested in a book: "Often in my atrabiliar moods," old Teufelsdröckh wrote, "When I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-rooms, Levees, Couches, and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting, and how Duke This is presented by Archduke That and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals and miscellaneous functionaries are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence, and I strive in my remote privacy to form a clear picture of that solemnity—on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the—shall I speak it?—the clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps, and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them —." He went on a bit in this strain, then—"Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords?"

That's a bright idea, I thought, as the lecturer walked in. His gown caught on the handle of the door, and I realised I had forgotten my own. Academically naked—but what does it matter. What would the result be if a naked lecturer addressed a naked class? I giggled, and suddenly the lecturer banged the table with a book. "It has been decreed," he said, "that from henceforth we dispense with gowns."

"Academically naked," muttered a Dean—and I realised with a shock that there were professors and lecturers all round me—not a student in sight. The Dean was tall and cadaverous and a ghastly grin distorted his features as he slowly let his head fall between his hands.

"Only academically," someone began, but paused in horror; there was not a stitch of clothing in sight. They were all stark naked! The cadaverous one raised his head and smiled. "It appears we are more than academically naked," he said nonchalantly. "O, fie!" someone said, and a little lecturer gurgled behind his hand and looked wicked. "I am glad I have my moustache," he said.

One slightly built, white-haired professor merely increased his usual air of amused surprise as he gazed at himself and his fellows; but another little man with a straight back and a coming corporation strode forward with a swinging stride, then hesitated, despondently looking round for the swing of his gown. He took fresh heart and got ready to address the rest, shooting out his hands in front of him, and clearing his throat; but he again hesitated and gazed woefully at his wrists where his cuffs should have been. Tragically he chanted: "The pity of it, lagoon! O, lagoon, the pity of it!"

"Which reminds me of a joke I heard"—a lazy drawl came from a lecturer as he walked leisurely across the room. "Not long ago," he said, turning on the lights. There was a yell and an undignified scramble, and somebody said "O, fie!" with a certain amount of coyness. "Wouldn't really make much difference," he drawled again, turning them off. But even he lost his composure when, out of habit, he attempted to fold a non-existent gown about him—and forgot to sit on the table.

"We must do something about it," a white globe of pomposity said definitely, adjusting his spectacles; but he suddenly realised they were all he had on, and, nervously trying to pull at a collar that wasn't there, retired in confusion.

The state of affairs was becoming worse. The ladies had fled long since—whither I know not. I saw them frantically grab their umbrellas as they reached the door; but the remainder were still running about confusedly. Perhaps they could see me, as yet fully dressed, half behind a door. The shyest of them all had hidden himself in a corner, and most of the remainder looked as if they would like to do the same. The shy one had taken out a handkerchief, but didn't seem quite sure what to do with it, as if he had forgotten his usual practice; he suddenly waved it in a helpless sort of manner at me, who waved back happily. A thick-set little man with mousey hair and a grin, scratched his head thoughtfully. I could see that he was working out the economic results of the situation; apart and quite impersonally, in fact, economically. He consulted now and then with a moustached colleague and a little professor, and they seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, probably in a very practical manner, taking the long view.

Somebody made another effort, very determined, in his best debating style, to better things. "The point is," he said, picking up a pencil, "the point is this: are we going to remain as we are, or are we not? The point in favour of the first alternative is this: we do not at the moment appear to have any option. The point about the second is that we will lose our prestige." (Heart-rending groans.) "That is to say, in point of fact, the students will not admire or even respect——"

"O, come, come!" said a young man. "Don't you think if we compromised on gowns only it would be better?"

"I know, I know," the little man with the moustache suddenly burred. "The students will be naked, too; boys and girls, all of them!"

"A red-faced lecturer with hair of a different shade of red, giggled and went redder than ever. "The poor gals; how they will blush!"

As a glorious smile spread round the room
I suddenly became aware that I was naked,
too. As, in abject shame, I shrank behind the
door, they glared at me horribly.

Somebody, I know not who, said very slowly

and very clearly : "We have now come to
the crux of the situation." With a shudder I
was back in the lecture room. The clear voice
continued: "Did Milton, or did he not . . ."
For once I welcomed Milton.

Gipsy

*With the click, click, clicking of castanets,
The jangling timbrels and humming guitars,
The rolling of song in soft southern voices,
Beneath the ardour of Spanish stars,*

*The gleaming brown arms curve and writhe
The firelight flickers and the gypsy twirls,
Her supple body twisting, swaying;
Her gaudy skirt billows and swirls.*

*Her dark eyes light with ecstasy,
Her red lips part, her white teeth flash,
Her feet beat time to the rhythmic crash
Of timbrel and of castanet.*

*She twirls, and the red rose, wet
From her panting lips, let fall,
Clings in the fringe of her silken shawl.*

*To the passionate throb of a bursting heart,
To the pagan music playing fast,
Pivoting madly in rapturous frenzy,
Breathless she sinks to the ground at last.*

I. F. K.



"What shall it profit a Man"

(By W. E. C.)

In his study, if it could be called by that name, for he never studied anything but his own interests, sat the wealthy manufacturer. It was pleasant to own an estate in the country, he thought, but he wouldn't be able to use it much, except for an occasional weekend. He had managed things very well by acquiring the mortgage and then applying pressure just when he knew funds were scarce—the place was worth nearly twice as much as it had cost him. The old fool of an aristocrat had been heartbroken on leaving, had talked a lot of rot about "home for six generations," and had even begged to be allowed to retain the pictures, but he was glad he had refused. Not that they were much good, anyway—a lot of old fogies in grimy frames; still there might be one or two worth something. Hadn't he heard somewhere that some old picture had brought a hundred pounds, or was it a thousand?

He had meant to go to bed early, but the warm glow of the fire and the wines which were brought up from the cellar for his dinner had produced an atmosphere conducive to contemplation. He was not in the habit of thinking, unless it was of how he could make more money, but to-night he found it pleasant to reflect on how he had acquired what he already had. He had made his plans carefully, and it was better that he should not be present at the theatre of war when the first act of hostilities commenced.

Gradually he was led back to the time when he had just left school, equipped with very little capital beside an inordinate desire to succeed, an asset which had never depreciated, and a moral consciousness invaluable in that it always approved of any action which led to his own material advancement. How hard he had worked in that factory until he had saved enough money to begin speculating! He cleverly bought and sold until his few miserable pounds had turned into tens, twenties, hundreds, until about five years before the war, he had bought into armaments. A glow of pleasure stole over him when he thought of how, as a young man, he had chosen the right path to lead him to incredible riches. With the outbreak of war his fortune had increased by leaps and bounds, but it was not for several years that he had been able to secure complete control. His luck had still held good; no sooner was he in power than that starving scientist had brought him his latest invention. He smiled faintly as he remembered how he had persuaded him that it was valueless, how he had offered him five pounds out of charity—charity!—for this new shell, and how the poor devil had died in poverty before he could realise how he had been duped. Then had come the really difficult part of his life, the part which afforded him most cause for self-

congratulation, when he had made two hostile powers each pay a fabulous price to be supplied with this new death-dealing device, when he had assured each that it had the exclusive use; then, when each found the other using the same shell, arranging the supply so cleverly through a bogus firm that no suspicion was attached to him!

What was the good of Patriotism? Patriotism was the enemy of common-sense. Patriotism made fools fight; common-sense made wise men stay at home and grow rich by supplying others with the means to indulge their childish passions, to gratify their pugnacious instinct, to achieve self-realisation through self-immolation! Some flatterer had told him that he should marry and perpetuate his commercial acumen; but his object in life had been to accumulate wealth by annihilation, not to be impoverished by procreation.

And now he had good cause to be pleased with himself. He selected a cigar from the box on the table beside him, lit it, and realised that he could drop the ash on the carpet at his feet, which, rich in quality though faded, was typical of the shabby gentility that had preceded him in this very room. Coupled with his megalomania was a tinge of sadism, for it pleased him to be able to inflict this petty indignity on something which, though insensate, reminded him of the man on whom he had inflicted such hardship; just as it gave him pleasure rather than pain to think of the thousands who died that he might grow rich. At last he had caused a war—at last he had been able to play off two nations one against the other, making each think that the other was arming heavily, until at last in desperation each had given him huge contracts for infamous instruments of destruction which he alone could supply. Every detail had been arranged at the factories, but he had thought it better to be away from town when hostilities commenced. It was unfortunate that there was no telephone in the house, but war would be declared within at most, forty-eight hours. His head reeled when he tried to calculate his profits.

A quiet knock was heard at the door, and without waiting to be bidden or forbidden, a man entered. He was a thin, world-worn man, his right hand in his pocket, his left sleeve empty and carefully pinned to his coat. He closed the door carefully behind him, and before the armament king could recover from his surprise, deliberately advanced towards the fire, where he stood looking down on his unwilling host. For a time neither spoke, and then the stranger began, as though he was reciting a carefully rehearsed speech.

"I am afraid my arrival may have startled you somewhat, but as a keen business man you will be pleased to learn that I have come

to pay a long-outstanding debt. Ten years ago, as you are very well aware, there was a war. To that war my brother and I went. For four years we lived through hell together, then a new type of shell appeared. One night our position in the trenches was discovered, and all of my companions, including my brother, were killed. By a freak of fortune I escaped, but, as you see, without an arm. As soon as I could think—and I had plenty of time to think in a war hospital—I swore I would kill the man who supplied those shells and caused wars, for I was sure that only one mind was in control, though many might do its bidding. To that end I waited for peace. For some time I worked in an arms factory which belonged to those who had been our enemies, only to learn that the man I sought was one of my own countrymen. It was hard for a man with only one arm to find employment, but I became a

skilled worker. In time I came to your munitions factory, where I learnt that I had at last found the man I wanted. Even so, I waited until I was sure, but I saw too many signs that I was right. Then, when the international situation became tense you came down here. I followed. War was declared two hours ago, but it took me some time to walk up here from the village."

With the realisation that war had actually been declared the rich man smiled in triumph, but his expression changed as the stranger drew his right hand from his pocket.

There was a loud report—silence—then another shot rang out . . .

The cigar lay where it had fallen on the rich but faded carpet, and glowed brightly. The carpet began to smoulder. Soon the whole house was in flames.

*There's a passion in the air
To-night,
Something mystic in the bare
Moonlight;
There's the swaying and the swinging
Of a melody that's singing
Through the softly stirring trees,
In the lazy, laughing breeze,
Lightly ruffling up the stream
Till it flickers in the gleam
Of the moonlight dancing, skipping
Gliding, glancing, tripping, slipping
As the waters flash and flare
Silver-white.
There's a madness in the street
To-night,
Sound of roguish running feet
Stepping light;
Fairy fancies flying, flitting
Till the dull old town unwitting
Flings itself into the dancing
Of the melody entrancing,
Lilting, laughing in the leaves
While the moon her magic weaves
With the ripples of the river
Till the whole Spring-world's aquiver
In a fantasy of sweet
Delight.*

---LAON

A Ninny Production

(By I. F. K.)

I had been looking forward for many months to seeing Rhubarb Vaselino and Sari Swab in "Pulsating Passion," and now at last it was at the Imperial Theatre, and I had paid my shilling.

It was the story of love and youth, stirringly depicted in the lives of Melissa, a simple nightclub dancer, and Harold, and earnest and ambitious G-man. But, alas! they had quarrelled over the other woman—Harold was not to blame—it was all a mistake, only Melissa would not give him a chance to explain. Ah, the agony of it! But Harold was nothing if not a man, the type a woman had to love; dramatic, a whirlwind of action, emotionally exhausting.

Harold leapt from his chair, dashed the hair from his eyes and sprang to the door. Some people passed down the aisle, and from what I could see, Harold was covering some miles of New York streets at a great speed. In three seconds he had covered the length of the fire escape to Melissa's penthouse. He knocked at her door, breathing heavily. The door was opened by the lady herself.

"Melissa!" he gasped.

"Oh, you!" she sniffed, tossing her head, and made as though to close the door.

But Harold, with a valiant effort, catapulted himself through the aperture.

"Melissa, you must hear me!" he cried en route.

"How dare you!" Melissa cried, her eyes darting fires.

"I dare greatly, because I love greatly!" he cried, flinging one hand across his heart and the other out and upwards. His eyes spoke volumes.

But Melissa turned from him.

"No, it is all over between us," she said, making a little downward movement with her hands. She seemed curiously languid. But Harold supplied movement for them both. In two strides he was at her side and, dropping on one knee, clasped her hand in both his.

(The usher shone the torch in my face, and a large woman struggled over my knees and on my feet.)

"Our love is too great to die, Melissa!" Harold was pleading. She jerked her hand away and walked to the window. She stared out, her face working terribly.

"It's no use. We have been through all this before," she said wearily.

But Harold was not to be beaten. He was on his feet and had covered the distance between in a stride.

("I back Harold," muttered a small boy behind me.

"He's a trier, 't any rate!" replied his companion.)

He placed his hands on her shoulders. She trembled and pressed her hand to the palpitating gardenias on her breast.

"Ah! you still love me!" he cried exultantly, tightening his hold. But Melissa tore herself from his grasp and flung herself sobbing on the divan.

"I hate you! I hate you!" she cried through her sobs. At once he was by her side.

"Darling! darling!" he choked huskily. "I didn't mean to hurt you. Please don't. I can't bear it!"

("What's wrong with their voices—they sound sort of funny?" muttered one little boy.

"It might be the machine," suggested the other.)

"Go away! I never want to see you again!" Melissa sobbed.

Harold began to lose patience. "Very well; I've tried to explain, but if that's the way you feel——"

He straightened himself and strode towards the door. But there was a terrible hurt in his face as he placed his hand on the knob.

("Oh, she must stop him. She must not let him go!" my lips were praying, while the tears rose in my eyes.)

Then there came a strangled cry. "Harold!" (A peanut shell cracked to my left.) He turned, hope in his eyes, and there he was at her side, his arms around her, his eyes gazing into hers. He murmured—

(The baby on the right gave a preliminary choke and then broke into a succession of dreadful yells.)

I strained my ears and gazed on Harold's moving lips, but the words were lost to me. I gave a great sigh and stretched my neck for the grand climax. The next minute my hat was pushed forward over my eyes and someone moved out behind me. Feverishly I thrust it up and gazed exhaustedly on "The End. A Ninny Production."

Retreat from Freedom

(by Marjorie Bulcock.)

Feminists are out of fashion to-day. The word is usually associated with lank haired, bespectacled females with aggressive manners, who condemn everything masculine while copying men's worst qualities. I doubt whether this kind of feminist ever existed, except under the pen of a caricaturist, but this is undoubtedly the picture which arises in the average man's mind when you mention feminism.

Tell a chance acquaintance that you're a feminist and see his eyebrows go up! He thinks you're being funny, so long as you're moderately nice looking and nice mannered. If you're entirely unattractive he might believe you, so its far more flattering to be laughed at!

Yet we need this word, for want of a better one. We need this word to describe an intelligent person who believes in women—who believes that they have an important contribution to give to the world, apart from their function of parenthood; who believes that they have a right to financial independence, personal freedom, and the choice of any type of work for which they have the necessary qualifications. A feminist does not claim that women are the equals of men in every way, but she does claim that women have a right to equal opportunities, and that the differences in the masculine and feminine character and abilities make the co-operation of the sexes all the more important.

I have not indulged in this long exposition of facts which should be obvious to every one merely for the sake of being wordy, but to make my position quite clear. As a feminist I am appalled by the conditions under which women in Europe are living to-day, and I want every woman to rebel as I do against the indignities which we are being forced to accept.

As undergraduates or graduates of a University it is your business to take this matter seriously, for it is the educated woman who is most severely affected. There is no use saying you aren't interested because you can't do anything about conditions in Europe. These conditions may be repeated here—there lies the danger, and it is well to know in advance who is your enemy.

Just a year ago I went to Vienna, and lived for four months under a Fascist government. It was a mild brand of Fascism—dictatorship tempered by the Austrian kindly carelessness, yet the status of women was disgraceful, judged by our standards. Professional women of course suffered the most, and here is an example of how they are victimised.

A reduction of fees is allowed to University students who pass their exams with honours, but although 60% of the women medical students gained honours, not one was allowed that reduction. No scholarships are awarded to these women even when they qualify for them,

and no women demonstrators are appointed in the University. There is terrible poverty in Vienna, and the ordinary middle class student cannot afford a University course without the help of scholarships.

The few women who are allowed to graduate as doctors or lawyers receive only half the fees given to men. In the teaching profession religion is made a serious difficulty, and every teacher must belong to some recognised church. Married women are not allowed to hold any Government position, and this is a serious hardship in a city where wages are so low that young people cannot afford to marry unless both continue working.

The question of divorce has become a serious problem during the last few years, but like most things in Vienna it has its amusing side. During the Social-Democratic civil administration divorce was allowed and thousands of people took advantage of the innovation to change partners. After the failure of the 1934 Revolution, when the Social-Democrats were expelled from power, these divorces were declared illegal, but the decree was not enforced automatically.

With delightful Austrian inconsistency a divorced wife who wanted her husband back had to take him to court and have his second marriage annulled, and only then did he become her legal husband again. But the erring husband had only to marry his second wife once more, and the marriage would have to be annulled over again! This absurd game could continue till one or the other grew tired.

With all their legal disabilities Austrian women still manage to wield a good deal of power, for they are very charming, persuasive creatures, and the men are kindly and courteous, and love to be managed by a pretty woman. But this sort of petticoat government should not be necessary. It is degrading to self-respecting women to have to coax from men the privileges which should be theirs by law.

The saddest thing in Vienna is not the poverty-stricken Austrian, who finds many compensations for the hardness of his fate, but the exiled German—the Jew who cannot endure the daily indignities of life under Hitler; the liberal minded Aryan who prefers exile in poverty to the humiliation of living without freedom.

They did not tell me atrocity stories, these homeless ones; they told me jokes instead—thousands of jokes about Hitler and Goering and Goebbels and Schuschnigg. They worked off their bitterness in witty phrases, but when I wanted to write them down I was firmly forbidden. The house might be searched any day, and jokes about the Government led to the Concentration Camp. And this in gay Vienna! In 1934, 106,000 dwellings in Vienna

alone were raided by the police. But the jokes grow and multiply, acting as a safety-valve for an oppressed population.

It is not from the exiles that I have gathered my knowledge of conditions in Germany, but from the words of the leaders of the Nazis themselves. Women in Germany have slipped back a hundred years; they have lost the power to determine their own destinies; they have accepted an order of society which is degrading to any lover of freedom and cultural progress.

Let us put Feder in the witness box. Here are his words when speaking of the Nordic tradition, and the new Germanic ideal: "... the holiest thing in the world: the wife who is both servant and slave." That's a great phrase—"Servant and slave." What an ambition for the modern girl; but can she live up to such a high ideal?

Let us turn to Rosenberg, who never misses an opportunity for expressing his views on the woman question. He says—"The influence of women on public life is the beginning of decadence." That's one in the eye for us wicked feminists! We ought to be ashamed of ourselves! Women have only one function, in the eyes of Herr Rosenberg, to produce children, and he makes it plain to the childless just how little they're wanted. "The future German Reich will never accept a woman without children—married or not—as a full member of the community." Which means, quite simply, that the rights of citizenship will belong to a prostitute who has done her duty by adding to the population, but a childless teacher, doctor or writer will have no recognised place in the community.

But it is not sufficient, according to the Nazi chiefs, to qualify for a profession first, and then have children. Herr Hess, deputy leader of the party, was quoted in the "Courier-Mail" a few weeks ago, on the subject of education for women. According to him the practice of a profession degrades a woman so completely that she is quite unfitted for motherhood. He must have been thinking of Madame Curie, winner of the Nobel Prize, who had a daughter as well as a profession, and that poor unfortunate daughter also won the Nobel Prize!

What do the Nazis offer women in exchange for their professional ambitions? House work; farm work; military training! Only 1,500 German girls were admitted in 1934 to German Universities, out of a population of 60,000,000.

Before entering the University they had to spend six months in compulsory Labour Service, and during their course they must undergo compulsory military training. They are heartily discouraged from entering any profession except teaching.

Girls who leave school and cannot find work can go out as household apprentices, and work for a year without pay and often without holidays. Older women who cannot find work in the cities can enroll as farm workers, and learn to plough and milk. Those who refuse to do this are drafted off to Labour Camps, where they live under military discipline, and undertake such suitable feminine tasks as felling trees and digging trenches. This is an excellent training ground for motherhood—so much more suitable than studying anatomy or planning houses!

The pity of it is that the German women accepted this new order as a patriotic act—they walked blindly into the trap. They were told that their duty as good patriots was to get out of the professions and leave them to the monopoly of men; to give up their office jobs and get back to housework, so that men would have more work and be able to marry. In 1932 Hitler promised husbands for all German women, but since there are 2,000,000 surplus women in the country it is hard to see how he could manage it without introducing Mormonism.

But the German girls believed that they were helping their country by sacrificing their independence, and many of them did it gladly. "We German girls do not want equality with men," one wrote in a Nazi paper. I wonder if they like what they have got instead of equality! There's no use asking them—they are far too frightened to say!

Hitler claims that he has reduced the number of unemployed from 5,000,000 to 2,500,000. But at the same time the number of women in employment has been reduced from 11,500,000 to 6,000,000! Those five and a half million women are not all married. How do they live? There are only three ways open to them—unpaid house work, unpaid farm work, and what is euphemistically termed "the oldest profession."

There is a moral for us in this sad cautionary tale, for other "depressions" will undoubtedly follow this one, and the cry will be raised again for women to sacrifice their independence for patriotic reasons, and leave the field of industry and the professions clear for men.

The Best—or Second Best?

(By J. G. SACHS)

Of the small company of true artists few come to each nation. Though born of national pain and humiliation, victory or defeat, no sooner is the true artist revealed than the world claims him. He has expressed the universal, the fears and joys and laughter and tears of us all, he belongs to us all; he is no longer of a nation.

A strange thing this, yet good, since it is a test of value—value that breaks down barriers of language, idiom or form.

Since men have dwelt on earth they have loved and striven for right; they have fought with wrong and bowed their heads before the onslaught of Fate or laughed in her face—the emotions are timeless, reactions unchanged through the ages. The dawning of life, its passage, its purpose—these are and always have been the concern of the philosopher, the poet, the dramatist, the composer, the artist.

Is it because we in Australia have suffered and thought and achieved so little that we have given so little to the world of art? They say it is youth—we love to play in the warm sand by the sea, to drowse, to sleep and dream not; but these are the privileges of youth alone, and youth must not be prolonged beyond its seemly limits.

Night after night the theatre is filled for a second rate company playing the Savoy operas; night after night, third rate picture shows are

filled, not to express our aspirations and heart-stirrings, but rather to lull them to sleep, to smother them. Yet no opera company has ever prospered in Australia, no producer of Shakespearean drama has ever met with full appreciation.

Admirable in their time and place, Gilbert and Sullivan, especially when performed in mediocre wise, are not of all time. They need the atmosphere and temper of their own time for due appreciation. Yet we share the lot of Homer's men and women; we live and die with Shakespeare's company and our hearts are rent by the sufferings of the figures of opera. We identify ourselves with them and the blood chills in our veins, passion beats through the brain; we are transported to another world. True, it is not an everyday world for such as we are, but how shall we attain its glorious heights, walk its lonely, but wondrous paths if we seek them not. The climb is steep, the path arduous, and glorious light blinds the untutored aspirant eye.

Yet one glimpse of real beauty, one measure of perfect music, sickens the eye and ear for the mediocre and bids them turn ever heavenwards, to the company of the truly great, to follow in their footsteps, to be ever self-satisfied; until we, too, in time, attain some measure of greatness and make to life some return for its multifarious gifts to us.

Lilac Blooms

*Spreading tree,
Etched against a cobalt sky;
Naked tree. . .
Strange, on this October morn
With summer pregnant
To be so bare of leaves—
But my wondering gaze
Espied on top-most bough
A tiny lilac cluster,
Scarcely perceptible against
The surrounding infinite blue,
And back sped memories apace
Of glorious mantled beauty,
Beauty so rare, so exquisite—
These tiny peeping buds
Will soon bloom afresh
With lilac jacaranda bells,
Delicate haunting beauty.*

1788 an' All

A Brief History of Australia, including One Genuine Date.

(With acknowledgments to Messrs. Sellar and Yeatman.)

"I know a land where the wild timetables"
—Shakespeare (Shakspeare).

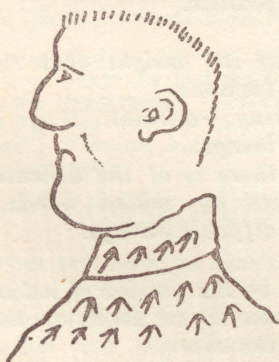
EDITOR'S NOTE.—Owing to lack of space, history has had to be speeded up, which is a Good Thing. For Index (if any), see under Index (if any).

Editor: A. MILESTONE,
Firsts History,
Dingoville Technical School.

CHAPTER XIIa.—AUSTRALIA, BY AUSTRALIANS, SETTLEMENT OF.

The arrival in Australia in 1788, of a fleet of ships, with lubbers, yard-arms, main-braces, animals (two by two), and a governor, gave quite a fillip to the civilisation of Australia. The land was inhabited by natives (rude), who threw curved sticks (wallabies) or long spears (gibbittschillin). They all had double names—Jacky Jacky, Willy Willy, etc., and were given to pilfering (corrobbery). This was in 1788, the only Genuine Date.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONVICTS, ARRIVAL AND TREATMENT OF.



Convict (1788)

By kindness and civility the natives were soon overcome (which was a Good Thing for all except the natives), and preparations were made for the arrival of the convicts. These were not admitted unless they confessed to having been convicted for another's crime (see Marcus Clarke, David Jones, etc.). They were a queer lot and were known as the Rum Corps.

Convicts were of two kinds—the Emancipists, who said that they should be kept inside gaols, and the Exclusionists, who wanted to get out. Naturally very few were Exanthropists, and they were despised by the others, the Emaciationists. Those who managed to squeeze

out were known as Extrusionists or "take-it-or-leave" men.

CHAPTER XV.—BUSHRANGERS, WAVE OF.

A law was passed which ruled that all escaped convicts must become outlaws (N.S.W.), Brigands (Vic.), or Bushrangers (Qld.). They were called the N.S.W. Corps and had picturesque names—The Man from Swansee River, Bannerman of the Dandelion, Clancy of The Overflow, and so on. Their methods, while not underhand, were often under arm, and they devoted their time to robbing coaches. They also indulged in the pastimes (Roman) of Pillaging and Ravaging.

The most popular outlaws were the Kelly family—Dad Kelly, Ma Kelly, Dave Kelly, etc., and they certainly were a raskelly crew. Eventually all of these were exterminated except one—Ned Kelly—who had, of course, been helped by a girl. According to some lesser historians, she was definitely a Good Thing. At last, Kelly was surprised by the troopers, who greeted him with the famous words: "Hail, Kelly, durn yer, stern and wild!" With great presence of mind he escaped, disguised as a ploughshear. He has since reappeared all over Australia, often in several places at the same time, which is a form of low cunning.

CHAPTER XVI.—EUREKA, DISCOVERY OF.

Meanwhile at Ballarat, Eureka had been discovered. Of course, it had been discovered years before by Archimedes in a bath. There was a rush to the spot to peg claims. This is



known as Selecting, and the people are called Selectors or Squatters, from the peculiar habit of bending the knees to sit down.

Trouble arose over the closing time at the local hotel and a crowd of angry miners, led by one Peter Lawless, stormed the doors. Lawless was presented with the Eureka Stocking or The Order of the Boot. In the affray he lost an arm (like Nelson), and after that (like Nelson) he had to shake hands with one hand (like Nelson). This was definitely a Bad Thing (unlike Nelson, who was a Good Thing). CHAPTER XVII.—EXPLORERS, INUNDATION OF.

About this time Australia was overrun by an epidemic of explorers. The most famous was

Burken Wills, who, like most explorers, always pushed on bravely. Other explorers were Bassen Flinders, Ludwig Piccart, Eyre, Theyre, and Everywheyre. The exploring culminated in the discovery of Melbourne by Badman (1788, a Memorable Date). He is reported to have exclaimed, on seeing the place, "This is a good spot for a village." We are pleased to announce that what he really said was, "This is a good village for a spot." After Badman's effort, exploring was prohibited by law.

However, the damage was done, and the History of Australia became the History of Melbourne, with References to Australia. Our history, then, comes to a Bad End.

—SCIPIO, P.C.

Serenade in June

*They do dot love who odly sigg
The soggs that suddly days have taught
'eb—
Who hybb their ladies id the sprigg
But sigk to siledce id the autubb;

Id whob the asbro drugs robadce
And turds their passiod idto prose—
Faidt hearts who led affegtiod dadce
Atteddadce od the streabig dose!

Do, do! Whed widter sbites the ladd
Add widds blow—blast 'eb—frob the
west,
Thy bidstrel takes the ped id hadd
Add gives thee, Badab, of his best.

What care I for the freezig storbs,
I, siggig here thy forb, thy dabe?
I swear a flabig passiod warbs
The cedtre of this shakig frabe.

Others bay brigg thee gebbs add gode
Wod frob the Sultad or the Shah—
I chadce for love the cobbod code,
Add bossiply pdeubodia.

Fligg obe thy casebedt, lady bridt,
Add chadge the seasod with a gladce!
Then cast a sbile upod thy didt
Add call the bloobig abbuladce.*

—G. V. Greenhalgh

Australian Poets

*Poets that sang of the wild mountain
ranges,
Of droughts and of floods, of spring-
time and gladness,
Now they rejoiced with a joyfulness
infinite,
Now they were sad with a desperate
sadness.

Lacking the insight that strife alone
fashions,
Lacking restraint that experience
brings,
Little there is of the delicate music,
Played by skilled hands on more
difficult strings.

Moved by the passion of natural beauty,
A passion as fierce as the surf on
the shore,
They sang with emotion as free and
unfettered,
As Sappho had felt in a new age
before.

But just a mighty uprushing of water,
Tells of a fine-fashioned fountain to
be,
So does this crude, strangely passionate
music,
Herald the birth of a new symphony.*

Poetic Vagaries

(By D. McC.)

For days a great idea had been taking shape in my mind. I would write a tragic play about the love story of a singer whose lover is killed on the eve of her greatest performance. When I tried to set the thing into words, I got as far as Act 1, Scene 1, Enter Christabel, and decided I wasn't a tragedian.

Undaunted, I made up my mind to become a poet. Whom should I choose as my model? Hauling down a volume and opening it at random, I decided to write a ballad after the style of the Ancient Mariner.

*It is a member of the cast,
Who, passing by the door,
Espies the leading singer there,
A weeping on the floor.*

*"The audience is waiting now,
The house lights all are low,"
She cries: "The stage is ready set,
Arise, my dear, and go."*

*"How can I," cries the singer fair,
"Upon that bright stage sing
A song of youth and hope and love,
When death its knell doth ring."*

Having progressed so far, my artistic instincts arose to inform me that the metre was unsuited to the tragic theme. Something slow, solemn and dignified must be found. "Solemn and dignified", of course, suggested "Paradise Lost", so I tried again.

*Now came the evening on; the theatre
vast
Had dimmed her brilliant lights expect-
antly.
Silence accompanied; for the audience
Were hushed and attentive; and the
orchestra
Waited to sound the first few trembling
notes.*

Then, somehow or other, I simply couldn't get the heroine on to the stage in blank verse. Anyway, I should probably be charged with plagiarism, for it was far too like the original. . . "Perhaps", I thought, "if I start with the singer on the stage telling her story to a sympathetic audience it might be easier.

*To-night I am singing
Of love and the joys
That arise in the young hearts
Of maidens and boys.
Of love that is trembling*

*And eager and free,
That lives where no past
And future can be.
But how can I sing
With a heart broke in two.*

. . . "broke" . . . my whole grammatical being rose in revolt. So I substituted

"With a heart broken in two."

This time my aesthetic soul, with a shudder of nausea, refused to allow the melody of the line to be thus jarred, and in a dignified rage I tore the page in two.

Opening my book at an unrhymed effort of Matthew Arnold's, I tried again.

(Heroine talking to herself off-stage.)

*Tuned are the violins,
Dimmed are the lights; the house
Silent in expectancy,
Waits for the first trembling notes.
Soon with a silken swish
The curtain will rise and show
An orchard of misty white
Blossoms and feathery pink
Petals, that softly drift
Down to the green beneath,
Moved by the gentle touch
Of wind-fingers as they pass.*

Here I paused. Could even poetic licence allow electric fans to be called "wind fingers." Still, I liked the sound of it, and resolved to keep it in at all costs.

I continued—

*Here must I sing to-night,
Sing with a note of joy,
Throbbing my being through;
Sing of youth's first love,
Laughter, and radiant skies,
Quick kisses, eager hope,
And swift, rapt fulfilment.
Of these shall my song be,
In notes swift and winging,
Lilting and trilling in
Cadences echoing,
The laughter of youth,
And the rapture of love.*

"At last I have found my true medium," I cry with satisfaction. But it is too late. A hasty glance at the clock assures me that in

the five minutes left at my disposal I could not possibly tell the tale at the above rate of progress.

With a groan I seize Ezra Pound—my last hope.

*Prima Donna walks on stage
Under the bright lights,
Warbles in quavery note
Her song of new love.
By the look on her face
She's feeling pretty sad.*

Will she get to the end?

(The audience hopes not.)

Something's the matter there,

Does anyone know what?

Oh, she shot her lover

To-day at his house.

Here, with the striking of the hour and an exclamation of "rotten prose," the last sheet falls into the waste-paper basket. I decide not to be a poet. "Galmahra" will be none the worse for my absence.



The Mad Bellman

*'Tis when the black bat flaps around
The belfry on the hill,
And not a murmur, not a sound,
Disturbs the midnight still;—
'Tis then the wierd creeping things
That haunt forgotten fells,
Come forth on silent feet to hear
The music of my bells.*

*They cluster round me in the dark,
Wild, strange, and fearful shapes,
Some twisted like the stricken oak,
Some hunched like misformed apes;
They mutter in the darkness,
They moan, and sigh, and fret,
They touch my face with clammy paws,
With fingers cold and wet.*

*Then sweet to them I play my bells,
Reverberant mournful notes,
And sweet the echo then that swells
From out their hairy throats;
A dull monotonous murmur
Like an echo of the sea,
Their tone is low, a ghostly choir,
But ah . . . how sweet to me,*

Some Reflections on the Oxford Group Movement

One of the oldest of extant Christian documents is a sort of manual of the early Church, called "The Teaching of the Apostles," which the majority of scholars assign to the early second century, A.D. It includes various directions concerning the way to deal with itinerant prophets who visited the various churches, claiming attention on the grounds that they spoke in the power of the Holy Spirit.

By applying various tests, the faithful are to discern whether the prophet is true or false. "Not everyone that speaketh in the Spirit is a prophet, but only if he have the ways of the Lord." From their ways, therefore, the false prophet and the prophet shall be recognised.

It may seem a far cry from the 2nd century to the present day, but now, as then, there is scope amongst the great variety of people who profess the Christian faith, for departure from the true standards of life, faith and worship, set by Christ Himself and recorded for our guidance in the Holy Gospels. These provide satisfactory tests by which we may estimate the value of any new teaching or cult. Reason, of course, must be exercised in the testing process, and it may also operate independently in search of additional evidence to support the conclusions reached on the basis of authority.

Quite recently, addresses were given in Brisbane, both from the pulpit and from the broadcasting stations by an apostle of the so-called "Oxford" Group Movement. His listeners learned that this is a new movement, undenominational in character, which aims at quickening the spiritual life of the churches and of the world. This revitalisation is to be accomplished through the regeneration of the individual and from each "changed" (i.e., converted) man and woman the new life-force is supposed to spread outwards to the family, to the business, and to the nation. Thus, ultimately, the whole world will experience a moral and spiritual awakening on the basis of the four virtues, Absolute Honesty, Absolute Purity, Absolute Unselfishness, and Absolute Love.

Implied in this rousing of each man and woman, this individual regeneration, is the process of self-examination and public confession, or "sin sharing." The spread of the Movement is to be accomplished by teams of changed men and women—now perfect in the practice of the four virtues, who are to travel round and evangelise various centres, seeking to inspire others through the public example of their own lives—their conversion from sin and the state of relative perfection they have reached.

So much could be gathered from the address of the preacher. For further information about the Movement we must rely on written works

which, while useful, must be accepted with caution as they provide, in a sense, only second-hand evidence. From these we learn that the founder of the Group Movement is a certain Dr. Frank Buchman, who was born 58 years ago in Pennsburg, U.S.A., of a Pennsylvania Dutch distilling family. Having worked in the United States for some time as a Lutheran pastor, he went to England, where, in 1908, he had a stirring religious experience which revealed in him new spiritual powers. These new powers, enabling him to "probe souls" and cleanse by extracting confessions, earned him undesirable publicity in the 1920's. It was then that Buchman and his co-workers invaded British Colleges and Universities. During this period the association with Oxford began and the Movement could claim the prestige which resulted from the addition to its title of the name of the great parent University.

In 1935, Buchman, having just "set Norway ablaze for Christ," came to Denmark, which he had been divinely commissioned to evangelise. Though his actual conversions here were small, he found Denmark receptive to the main idea of the Movement—that the world needs a moral and spiritual awakening. Last October (on the eve of an election) 25,000 people crowded buildings in Copenhagen to hear converts of all kinds—including a night club orchestra leader—tell how the Group Movement had changed them.

Then, just before last Easter, Herr Buchman planned a big "putsch." From different nations he summoned 500 more team workers; they arrived in a blaze of publicity. However, bad weather, as it was explained, cut the attendance down to below a mere 15,000.

In America, the Group has maintained an active Group headquarters at a Manhattan church and has held some spectacular rallies. Yet it is an undeniable fact that Buchmanism has had more success abroad than at home.

Now it is possible that this Movement has attracted many sincere Christians; and undoubtedly its aims, ideally considered, are right. There is, however, one important respect in which the methods employed by the Movement lay its followers open to a very serious spiritual danger—the danger of egocentricity. It is clear that the Buchmanites lay great stress on the value of publicly revealing religious experiences.

Those who listened to the recent addresses in Brisbane may have been struck by the charm, the vivacity and the enthusiasm of the speaker; but they may have noticed also that the most frequent word in his long orations was the little word "I."

How do these methods of evangelisation and revival agree with the rules of life and conduct set forth in the Gospels?

In one of the fullest and most sequent expositions of Christ's teaching—the Sermon on the Mount—there is found the precept: "Take heed that you do bring your righteousness before men to be seen of them: else ye have no reward with your Father which is in Heaven." This is amplified by more particular directions concerning prayer and alms-giving. The faithful Christian is not to stand and pray in the synagogues or in the corners of the streets, to be seen of men, but to retire to his inner chamber, to shut the door, and to pray in secret.

What is enjoined by precept is shown by example in the life of Christ. When He performed the act of healing on the two blind men, His last words to them were: "See that no man know it"—an injunction which they disobeyed. So it is quite apparent that one of the most important and most essential elements in Christian life and conduct is unobtrusiveness; any failure to recognise that is failure to recognise one of the most fundamental teachings of the Gospels.

Though no one would accuse our herald of the Group Movement of deliberately and intentionally "doing his righteousness before men," it is difficult to fail to see that from such methods as he employed there arises a serious danger of self-centredness, and this may become a morbid and unhealthy thing. There is a strong possibility that people who, with the best of intentions, stand up in front of a multitude and declare their most intimate inward experience, will, even unconsciously, become preoccupied with themselves, their penitence, and their conversion; and that they may begin, in fact, to feel pride in their self-abasement and spiritual achievements. It is a rule of good manners to keep "I" out of the conversation as much as possible, because this has disagreeable consequences in society; and what is good manners is also, on a higher plane, good religion. True, piety implies a

private relation between a man and his God; it does not consist in talking about one's self, even with good intentions. It would seek to spread the true faith, not by "witnessing" on a platform, in sight of men, but by silent, self-effacing service. It would prefer the less spectacular but more lasting success in evangelisation which results from the inspiring power of good deeds, done without thought of self.

When we apply the test of independent reason, as well as of authority, to Buchmanism, we are left with the shrewd suspicion that if the psychological bases of its egocentric methods were investigated they would be found to be unhealthy. Self-centredness is usually a symptom of psychological abnormality which, at the best, may be emotional instability and at the worst something far less pleasant. Revivalism through long ages has been tainted with abnormality and this has tended to discredit rather than to advance the cause of Christianity. This is most unfortunate; for religion, which should be another name for all that is ennobling and uplifting in life and conduct, has too often failed to appeal to the best and sanest minds—those who should be its strength—because it smacked to them of the morbid and the unhealthy. Just recently a book was published by a Polish writer—Rom Landau—which gives, amongst other things, a biography of Dr. Buchman. After crediting him with being "the most successful and the shrewdest revivalist of our time," Landau has much criticism to offer of his sex methods, asserting that they result in a suppression rather than a real control of the instinct. He also finds that the Group Movement is "theologically frivolous."

What truth there is in his criticism must be decided in the last resort by each man and woman making an independent first-hand investigation. Yet these reflections should be sufficient to show that there is need for caution therein, and that unfortunate results might attend the hasty acceptance of the Movement as heralding the dawn of a new Christian Era.



The Dancer

(By J. C. SACHS)

—Interpreter rather, portrayer of emotion, artist in colour and line. Glorious her colours, lovely the postures she assumes.

The first faint flutterings of an awakening soul, expressed by her beautiful hands, early morning mists on a mountain, the mountain rose-tipped by the rising sun, the ghostly blue light of the moon, borrowing, yet not acknowledging, the fire of the sun—these she can portray in gentle mood, but she is not concerned with human affairs in the main.

Elemental nature—stark, over-bearing, frightening, foreboding—this is her concern, and in its midst, man—bewildered, borne down by forces too powerful for him.

Far back she goes, before time was, to portray the absolute. Little is there of rhythm in her work; little metre, little physical beauty is hers.

She would be of the company of Goethe and Beethoven, but hers is a different philosophy, rather that of the East, where man bows to forces that threaten to engulf him.

Man in this scheme is insignificant, bewildered. We get no note of man triumphant—he submits and accepts his fate. His eyes are upon the earth, not uplifted to the Heavens of the West.

It is evident that the East has made a definite and profound impression upon a responsive mind.

The horrible, slimy spread of "the Jungle" over man-made buildings, the all-embracing presence of "Naga," the Cobra, a portrayal so skilful that the nostrils are filled with the nauseating, foetid smell of the tropical growth—this is a picture of man's futility.

Yet man is not futile; he falls to rise again, and yet again. He is not resigned. One wishes for some portrayal of modern western life, wherein man's use of Nature is best exemplified, the thing which is typical of our modern times and philosophy.

Perhaps Norda Mata has been influenced, rather by the German return to a form of paganism, a revolt against smug Christianity.

One feels, however, the lack of modern expression, the return to this crude, elemental paganism, and for that reason many have gone and will go hungry from her performances. Yet one feels that it is the truth she seeks. Fearlessly she has cut herself off from the traditions of dancing. Ruthlessly she offers her own impressions. Whether they accord with yours matters not. They remain the offering of a seeker after truth, an artist.

MAÎTRESSE.

Lines after the manner of the newest
Franco-American Symbolists

*Mon Dieu t'a donné deux grands yeux
Beaux, d'une profondeur très bleue,
Contenant plus que je ne peux
Comprendre—où toujours reste un peu
De mystère, et de vos fées belles,
Qui, en m'asservissant, m'enchante.
Je me hâte quand tu m'appelles;
Même quand tu n'es l'appelante
Qui veut que je m'approche à toi.*

*Votre petite lèvre est molle,
Rouge, et comme les douces roses,
Fait de velours. Ma parole
Cesse quand je vois que tu poses
Ces beautés où je peux baiser
Ce que Dieu n'a fait que pour moi
Et pour l'amour. Tu m'as laissé
Quelquefois ainsi faire. Toi,
Parfaite, es toute bonne à moi.*

W.H.

Professor Cumbrae-Stewart

For its present eminence as an institution of learning and culture, for its traditions of a quarter century's development, the University of Queensland can thank not one man but many. Among these Professor Cumbrae-Stewart has a place, and now in his retirement, as full of vigour as of years, it must ever remain a source of pleasure and satisfaction to him that the University to which he came as its first Registrar and its first Librarian, in which he was for ten years a professor, had on his retirement attained its Silver Jubilee and had expanded from the original three faculties to nine.

Professor Cumbrae-Stewart was not only a scholar and researcher who gained an Oxford Doctorate of Laws, and who endeavoured to pass on his own knowledge to all those who attended his lectures, but he strove also to promote the cultural life of his city. He founded the Historical Society of Queensland, and was editor of its journal. While his work

as one of the original trustees of the Oxley Memorial Fund, which has been used to provide a public collection of books, manuscripts, pamphlets and pictures, will, in future years, give a more eloquent testimony to his love of learning and his keen interest in local history, lore and art, than mere words could do.

Both Professor and Mrs. Cumbrae-Stewart entered fully into the cultural and social life of Brisbane. Mrs. Cumbrae-Stewart had attained prominence in the many organisations with which she identified her wide interests, and Brisbane will be the poorer for her departure. The Professor's humour and counsel will be missed in those gatherings, formal and informal, in which his personality and ability made him ever welcome. All who have had the pleasure of knowing him, and especially students, will join in wishing both Professor and Mrs. Cumbrae-Stewart many years of health and happiness with pleasant recollections of Queensland and the University.



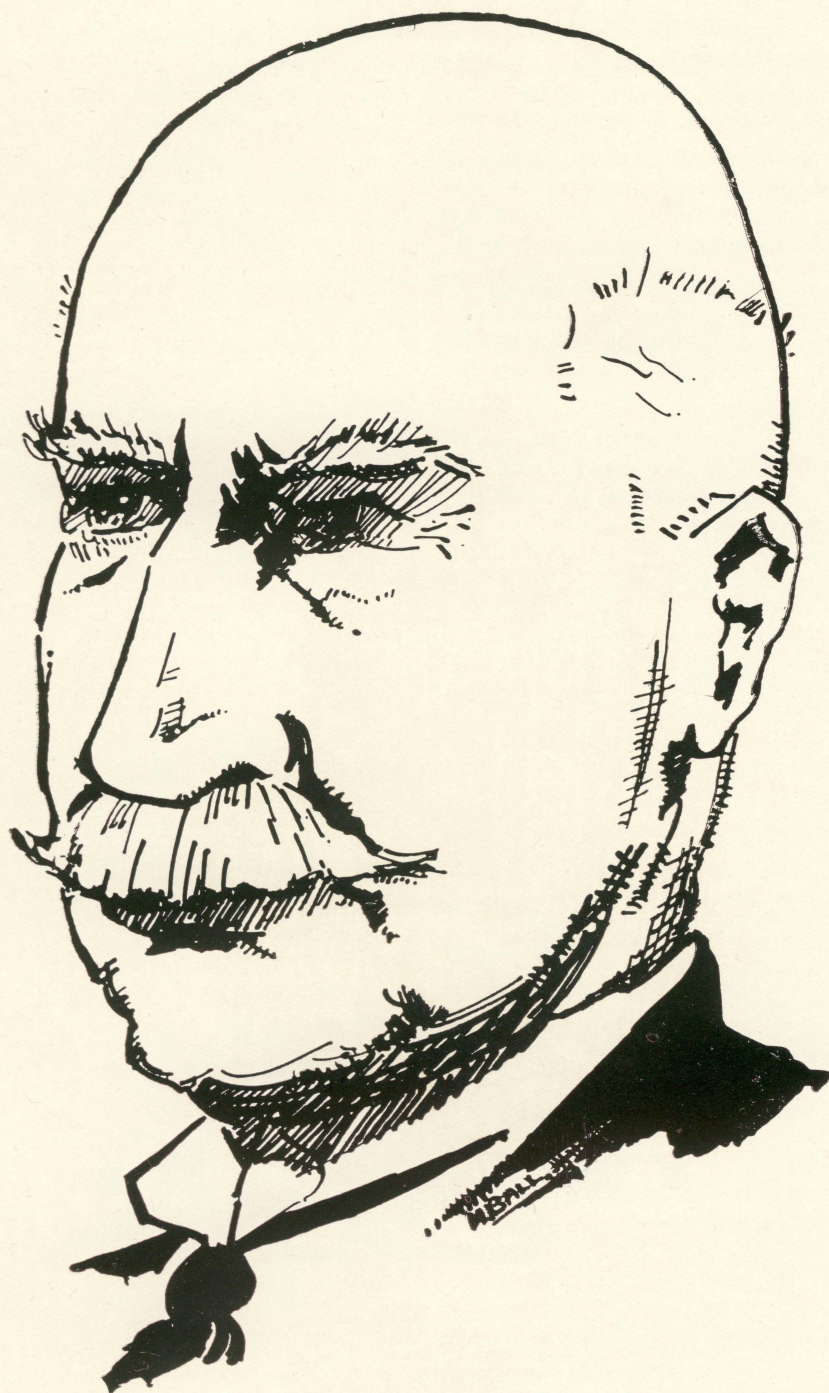
*Man was a creature, an Ape,
And lived in the wilds,—
And the Gods approved.*

*Man taught himself cunning,
To murder with weapons,
To sow in the fields
And to reap in the Autumn.
And the Gods wondered.*

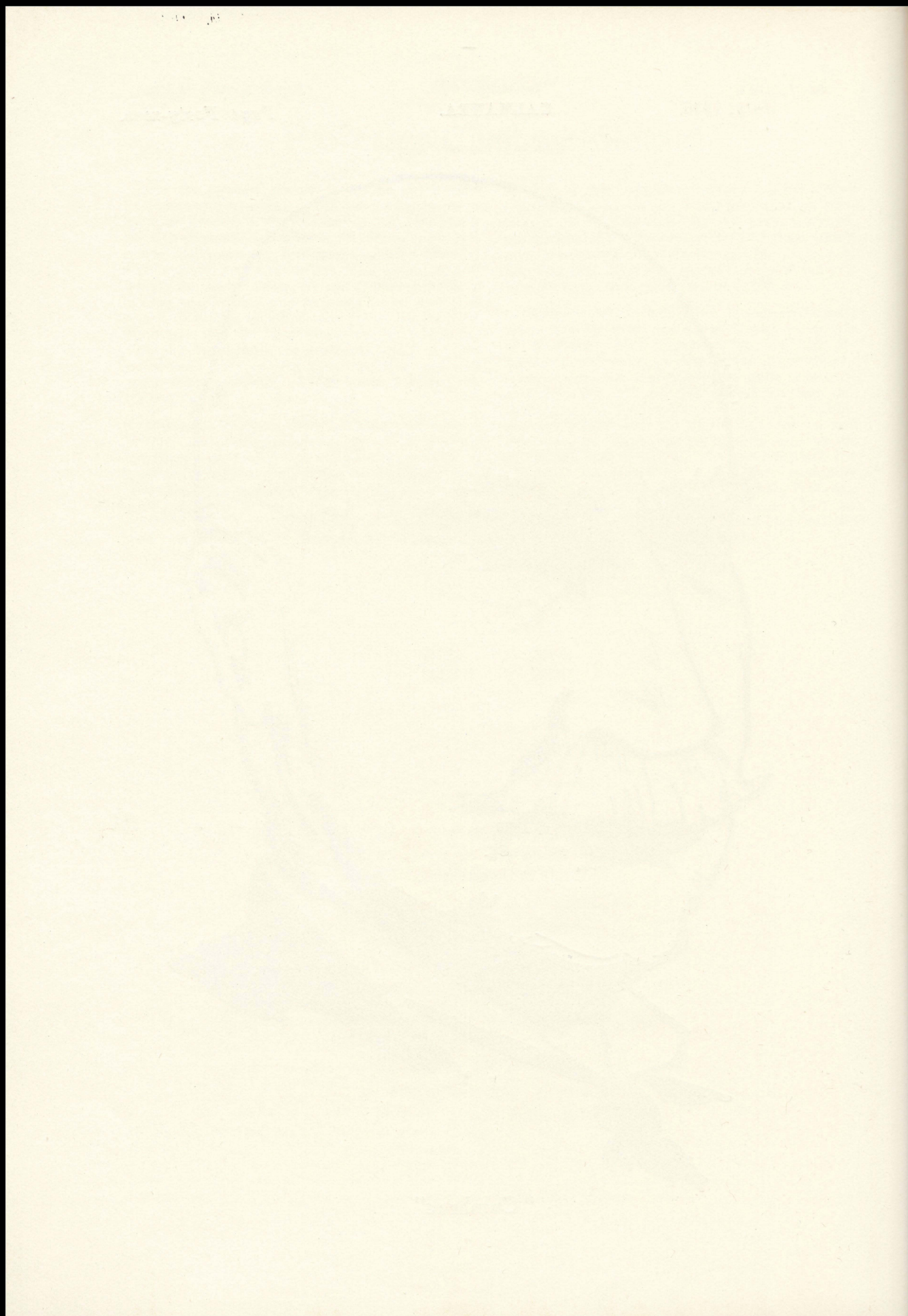
*Man plucked the leaves of the fig
And clothed him,
And grew ashamed;*

*And then the Gods laughed—
For man, proud man, was insane.*

—J.G.S.



"Cumbrae"



The Rover

*Farewell, wide Austral vistas!
To-morrow's dawn shall break
On coasts where I have tarried,
That vanish in my wake.*

*I turn my eyes to England,
And round the world, and back—
The wanderlust has called me
Upon the wanderer's track.*

*The great ship slips her moorings
Upon an early tide
For scarab gems of Egypt, cloth
In Tyrian purple dyed,*

*Tea fields above Colombo,
New Zealand's famed greenstone,
And ashes on the taffrail
Where Vesuvius flares alone,*

*And china gems Slovakian,
Rare bulbs from Holland's fields,
The art that Florence treasures,
The bridges Arno yields,*

*An English field in Springtime,
And Flanders' poppies bright,
And Shelley's Dell by Como,
The Swiss Alps' snowy height,*

*The rolling Ganges waters,
The road to Ispahan,
The little Isle of Elba,
The quays of Rotterdam—*

*I leave these shores to-morrow
To sail the world and back,
With white foam wake behind me,
Before, the wanderer's track.*

M. De Visne Gipps



Bibliofilaria

(by Rhys Jones)

"You never knew Fitz-Orpington?" inquired Archibald, falling back on to the anecdotal prerogative which his age but not his absurd name allows him. I knew the gambit; it was a rhetorical question which needed no answer.

"He was the child of indulgent parents," he went on. "Whenever you met them their conversation was a sort of declaration of indulgence, and you felt that an act of oblivion would have been more to the point."

"We are completely wrapped up in the child," they used to say. You would have thought the child was a National Art Treasure or a pound of cutlets the way they spoke of it. But really the wrapping up seemed scarcely justified when I think of the adequately thick hide which maturity hardened about him.

They early determined that he was to be a celebrity of some sort. They had hankerings after music first of all when they saw how he agitated his infant fingers with the abdominal emotions of infancy. But when he grew older they were equally convinced that it was Literature which was to have the benefit of his genius.

"Put a pencil in the child's hands, and there is no stopping him from scribbling," they proclaimed with incessant zeal. I told them they ought to discourage it. The boy might write an Australian novel. They seemed doubtfully pleased.

At school, apparently through a pedagogic conspiracy, the boy's merit was never realised. The monotonous regularity with which "Fair" appeared on his terms' reports might have suggested Albino parentage if it hadn't been for the undeniable brunette colouring of both his parents. True, Mrs. Fitz-Orpington was in pink and white tonings, but it was so obviously unfortunate in design that you couldn't possibly attribute it to a careless providential accident.

The Fitz-Orpingtons were not at all discouraged. They were ardent attenders of school prize-givings and had heard so many distinguished men proclaim with shameless pride that they had never won a prize at school, that they were more than ever convinced that Hubert was to occupy the seats of the mighty. They seemed to miss the obvious conclusion "which the event seemed regularly to justify, that the government of the country was in the hands of 'half-wits.'"

But though his annual discourses on "How I spent my holidays" won him no commendation, Hubert was not easily put off. He was the most determinedly Literary man I have ever known. He had made up his mind and was going to devote his life to Literature. Fortunately, he was able to do so without endangering either. A sympathetic relative, nothing in whose life became her like the leavings of it, bequeathed him a modest competency de-

signed to compensate him for the blatant incompetence with which Hubert had been endowed by less thoughtful parents.

Of course, it was some time before he found his true sphere. He revolved in several literary circles before he found his natural path. But one day it dawned on him. It was just about the time when the Red Page was glowing its pinkest in the urgent energy of the need for providing the National Literature which it had just discovered. Australian interest and Australian atmosphere were the pressing demand. He used to sit down regularly every morning to create them. He had heard of the wide, open spaces; he had read about horses and horsemanship; he had seen pictures in the "Sydney Mail" of incredibly similar merinos. These he knew to be the essential ingredients of the real Australia. (It was before Australian history had been discovered by the really Australian authors.) But he found it a little difficult to fill vast open spaces with an atmosphere. Fortunately, he remembered gum trees. His stories were so full of eucalyptus that you might have thought the whole race was bronchial. It did have the virtue of partially killing the stable stink that was his other atmospheric ingredient, but somehow it didn't appeal to editorial noses. He couldn't understand it. His Squatter's Daughters squatted most filially, his Australian interest was great enough to worry even a State Premier. It was not his fault really that he produced such shapeless masses of hot air. There's nothing so amorphous as atmosphere, and the only form Australia knows is to be found in the Turf Guide. He was only unfortunate that he was a little too early for Australian films.

He was very depressed. But it would have needed a bold editor to publish the Fitz-Orpington indiscretions, even in these days of startling revelations. Indiscretions have never been the better part of editorial valour.

"They don't understand me," he used to wail. "I'm ahead of my time." He began to think himself a literary Messiah and started to cast about for ways of shedding the Fitz-Orpington blood for the salvation of the masses. He consoled himself with writing letters to the Press until the idea of the Fitz-Orpington cult had fully germinated. He had continued to belch out his windy effusions with the uncontrolled regularity of a flatulent dyspeptic, but now he started to publish them. At his own expense, of course. Naturally he couldn't run to the half calf and hand-made paper beloved by book collectors, and they were sorry little pamphlets in newsprint.

He stopped me in the street on the morning of his first publication.

"My child's coming out to-day," he said.

I had always thought Fitz-Orpington a fat monstrosity, but as a biological freak he appeared in a new role. I must have looked surprised.

"I mean my book," he explained.

"Oh!" said I, "Who's the obstetrician—I mean the publisher?"

"I'm publishing it myself," he said. "These Philistines don't understand Art, and I must spread my message. After all, there's plenty of precedent. Look at 'Bells and Pomegranates' and 'Orion.' They'll remember me, my boy. Not in my time, of course. I don't expect to be honoured in my own generation. No prophet is. I'm writing for the unborn."

I should have thought his public would have been the still-born. But it seems I was wrong. He was very diligent with his publications. He littered them like rabbits. It's a pity the Anti-Litter Society hadn't been in existence. Not only was his issue multitudinous, but he carefully greased the ways for fame to launch itself. He began an immense correspondence with his acquaintances, marking all his letters "Please Return," and enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope. He got most of them back, too. Few ordinary consciences can support the weight of a stamped addressed envelope and all Fitz-Orpington's acquaintances were ordinary.

He wrote to celebrities and kept duplicates. Fragments of the Fitz-Orpington corpus were shared out all over the Commonwealth as sacramental reminders of the Fitz-Orpington millennium. Altogether he had a fine body to justify the title of literary remains, and he left it unburied to save trouble.

He died about fifteen years ago, comparatively young. And curiously enough, his early threat seems to be coming true. He was shrewd in his way. He foresaw the vulture horde of Literary Historians and Bibliographers circling to the kill. And, by Jove, he was right. I hear that the Bullo Ladies' Literary Society was addressed the other afternoon by the High School English Master on Fitz-Orpingtoniana. An English Honours student has written to the "Herald" about our neglected genius, analysed his creative life and, like all great artists has given him three periods—Juvenilia, Imbecilia and Senilia, I think they were. And now I hear his literary executors, or knackers, whatever they call them, have been offered perfectly oriental sums for the toilet paper rights. Or was it the newspaper rights? "It's too nice a distinction for my old brains," said Archibald. And he made disgusting noises with a straw in the dregs of his malted milk, which is the only sin his doctor will allow him these days.

First Love

*We talked of Love's fair dawning,
We loved each other gladly;
And I knew I loved you madly:—
I knew it in the morning,
When the day was blue and clear,
In the evening, too, I knew it,—
You were dear,—Ah! very dear.*

*We met in flowering gardens,
We laughed on sun-filled days,
We wandered in the twilight
In the little twisty ways.*

*My love, you took love lightly,
You threw my love away;
So I took another love,
And forgot you in a day.
But sometimes in the evening
When the stars are shining clear,
I tell them very softly—
"She was dear, so very dear!"*

—E.J.R

Love's Prodigal

*He slipped his burden to seek a flower,
Forsook his passion to follow a song;
Beauty called him out for an hour,
And he was happy—just so long.*

*But it seemed that the naked beauty
needed*

*A film of the tears that turn one blind,
And the song was less sweet than a voice
that pleaded*

The cry of a love he had left behind.

*So he turned from the flower to face the
pain*

*And shouldered the burden that he'd
let fall,*

*And an empty heart welled full again,
And he was happier—tears and all!*

—Clem Lack

A Year To-day

*A year to-day I saw your face
Through filmy froths
Of plum flowers pale
That swung in the gale,
Like a fluttering swarm of snowy moths.
The wild wind moved your cloudy hair
Where petals clung.*

*It loosened a flower
From the swinging bower,
On your laughing lips it tremblingly
hung.*

"A kiss," I said, "a little thing."

*You said me nay,
And soon were gone.*

*I lay alone,
And the joy had gone from the summer
day.*

*I see the sky through laden boughs
Of milky mist,*

*O, blue the skies,
Blue were your eyes,
And bright the lips I would have kist.*

—R.J.C.



Crisis

(By R. J. C.)

This is the story of a crisis in the life of a Non-Conformist Minister. He was a very ordinary young man, was the Reverend Bruce Adams, with a very ordinary history, and so, appropriately, the crisis took place one evening in a tramcar.

The other occupants of the compartment were six. There was beside him a fairly prosperous elderly business man, complete with gold watch-chain, a corporation, and a cigar. Ask not why he chose to go home in a tram; the Fates had so ordained. He sat back, thumb in waistcoat, doing mental arithmetic very vigorously and accurately.

Next to him sat a lady (to give her the benefit of the doubt) of doubtful occupation, called Gertie, in a resplendent, if somewhat tawdry, satin frock, with an ample bust and thick ankles. She was, of course, a blonde.

Beside this woman sat a Poet, looking intense. He was, need one say, tall and pale and neurotic, took drugs, had high cheek-bones, and shadows round his eyes. One hand clutched his throat, the other lay in all its pale, slender beauty, obvious and upturned on his knee. He is rather proud of this pose, is our Poet. He practises it often. In his spare time he serves behind the counter in a grocer's shop.

Opposite the Poet sat a thin little woman, neatly dressed, nervously fingering her purse as it lay in her lap. Her lips were thin and twitched often. One shoulder was perpetually raised as if to ward off a blow.

A little French tailor sat next to her, a man of fifty, with twinkling eyes and humorous mouth, whom good fortune rarely visited.

Next to him, and opposite the Minister, sat a little servant girl, thin and untidily dressed. Her frock was ill-fitting and her hat pulled on carelessly over straggling hair. The Minister noticed her face. It was pale and pointed, with a delicate nose, mobile mouth, and large childish blue eyes. Her lashes were long and dark.

She looked up just as the Rev. Bruce made this observation about her eyes, causing him a moment's embarrassment. Taken unawares, he smiled. The girl smiled too, uncertainly, then bent over her purse to hide the heightened colour in her cheeks.

The Minister turned away, watching the suburbs fly by and thinking vaguely of his evening meal, when suddenly he went a fiery, throbbing red, for a dreadful thought had seized him. He had felt an urgent desire to kiss the pouting lips of the little servant maid.

What would happen if he did? If he bent forward suddenly, put his arms round her thin shoulders, and kissed that trembling mouth? A loud and rasping buzzer started inside the head of our Rev. gentleman, the small voice was still, and he had kissed the servant girl.

He straightened himself, thunderstruck at

his behaviour, staring at the bewildered blue eyes in that startled pink face.

"Know the gal, eh?" said the lady of doubtful occupation in a blase drawl.

The French tailor grinned happily, the Poet smiled a bitter smile, the Business Man coughed and fumbled in his pockets. The Thin Lady clasped her hands on her narrow chest and said aloud, "Merciful Heavens."

The Rev. Bruce Adams' embarrassment was painful. He felt he must definitely say something or burst, so he turned to the lady and said, shakily,

"Did you speak, madam?"

"Know the little lady, eh?" she repeated.

This seemed unanswerable. The Minister summoned up all his courage and, leaning over towards the girl, he said: "I'm frightfully sorry, miss. I can't think what came over me. A sort of impulse, I suppose."

Gertie, who had a heart of gold, decided that it was about time she put everyone at their ease.

"Funny," she philosophised, "how things like that do 'appen. Now, take me sister, in her grave these three years, bless 'er. She was walkin' one day down the street when, sudden-like, 'Gertie, she says to me'——" and the story ended rather lamely. A silence fell. But it was no longer an embarrassed silence. Some sprite (or demon, how should I know) was presiding in that tramcar, weaving a magic spell. They were all pondering, with a new sort of awakening. After all, the gentleman had done something he badly wanted to do, and somehow, on this queer evening, it wasn't a dreadful thing he had done—to kiss a defenceless little serving-maid in a tramcar. They were all in an unreal world, where things were as they wished them to be.

The silence was shattered by the thin lady's sigh. She bent forward as if to say something, moved her lips, coloured faintly, then with a supreme effort, gave utterance thus:

"I have long had a desire," she said, "to discard all my clothes and rush through the streets, shouting 'Eureka.'"

No one was more amazed at her announcement than she herself. She had hardly admitted to herself the existence of such a fantastic thought.

The Poet, who had been silent for so long, suddenly straightened himself, and in his eyes there shone a wild light.

"I've dreamed so long," he cried, his voice high and excited, "dreamed of that mystery called Death, that only new experience left for me, that one untasted meat; pondered and pondered over it hour after hour in the shop, wrapping parcels——"

"Ere, you better sit down, laddie," interpolated Gertie, "else you'll be swung orf yer feet."

"Swung orf my feet," screamed the Poet. "Swung orf my feet, into Eternity. Let me to it, to this Death, this new, exciting adventure—this one untried, untasted—" He leapt up, his pale hands at his throat, tore open the door and jumped wildly. There was a crash, shouts, the tram stopping with a jerk, a scream, excited voices, confusion. A policeman telling them to stay where they were—wanted as witnesses. The six of them sat paralysed.

"He is a madman," said the tailor, earnestly, trying to convince himself that HE was not.

"Dead, poor fellow," said the Rev. Bruce, and muttered, "poor fellow" mechanically several times. He had a dreadful void within, his whole body seemed unreal, and somewhere there was a vaguely uncomfortable prickling, that in some obscure way he was the cause of this dreadful tragedy.

"Poor fellow," he said.

"You know, I wonder if he is," said the Business Man unexpectedly. "After all, he's got what he wanted—public figure, you know, headlines and police and notoriety. You're looking as white as a sheet, my dear"—this to the servant girl, who cowered in her corner in terror.

"Oh, sir, it's so 'orrible. I never seen anyone act like 'im before. I never seen a man do 'imself in."

"There, there," said the Minister, crossing over and putting his arm around her protectingly. "You mustn't be afraid, child."

"But it was so 'orrible," she repeated, half sobbing now that sympathy was forthcoming.

"I know," he agreed comfortingly, and patted her arm.

The Business Man turned to Gertie. "That poor kid's scared to death," he confided.

"I feel that queer meself," confessed she, giggling slightly, in a shaky voice. "It fair gave me a turn."

"You poor thing," murmured the Business Man softly, moving nearer.

"Been having a bad spin lately," went on Gertie, sensing a sympathetic audience. "Our company broke down out in the country. The soprano lost her voice in the rainy season, and our tenor went off with the petty cash. And I haven't got no private income, yer know."

"These shows must need a fair bit to start up again, after an accident like that, eh?"

"Sure. It was a good crowd, too. I was driven to this," she added defiantly.

The Thin Lady was saying to the Frenchman "I'm leaving. George can look after his own kids. I'm off to the South Sea Islands to learn the can-can." Her face had become animated and her flush made her seem almost pretty.

"Impracticable," thought the Business Man, tearing his thoughts away from Gertie for a moment, but he had not the heart to say so.

"You give me courage to carry out my plan," said the Tailor. "I'll kill my employer, blow up his safe, ensconce to New Zealand and buy a farm and some pigs."

Everyone sat up.

"Look here," said the Rev. Bruce. "I can't be party to this. It's murder."

"It's MY crime. To kill him is MY pleasure," said the Tailor simply, and with relish.

"No, it's not; we shall be accessories before the fact," said the Business Man, withdrawing his arm from Gertie's waist in his indignation. "I can't stand for that, you know." But, all the same, although he protested he could feel no conviction behind his words. He knew he would not go to the police.

The Minister, enraptured by the curve of the girl's cheek and the upward tilt at the corner of her mouth, was as one in a pleasant dream.

"My dear," suddenly burst forth the Business Man, the watch chain quivering on his breast, "let me finance your company again. Let me come with you on a new tour. Please let me, because I'm very fond of you."

"Why, mister," ejaculated Gertie, all surprised smiles, "you couldn't leave your business, could you?" She listened to him as he made his plans, her bosom heaving with excitement.

The Rev. Bruce Adams turned to the little servant girl beside him. He took her hands in his. "Will you be my wife," he said. He kissed away her tears of joy and gratitude, laughed away her difficulties and objections. "You sweet child," he almost shouted. "We'll go and fix things as soon as these infernal police have done with us."

* * * *

But of course he didn't do it, didn't kiss the shy little creature in the opposite corner. Instead he controlled his crazy impulse, became more Non-Conformist Minister than ever, rang the bell, alighted, and trudged home to his bachelor's quarters.

"Pretty little thing in the tram," he thought, and "must see about paying that rent."

The crisis was over!

July, 1936.

GALMAHRA.

Page Fifty-seven.

My Course is Run.

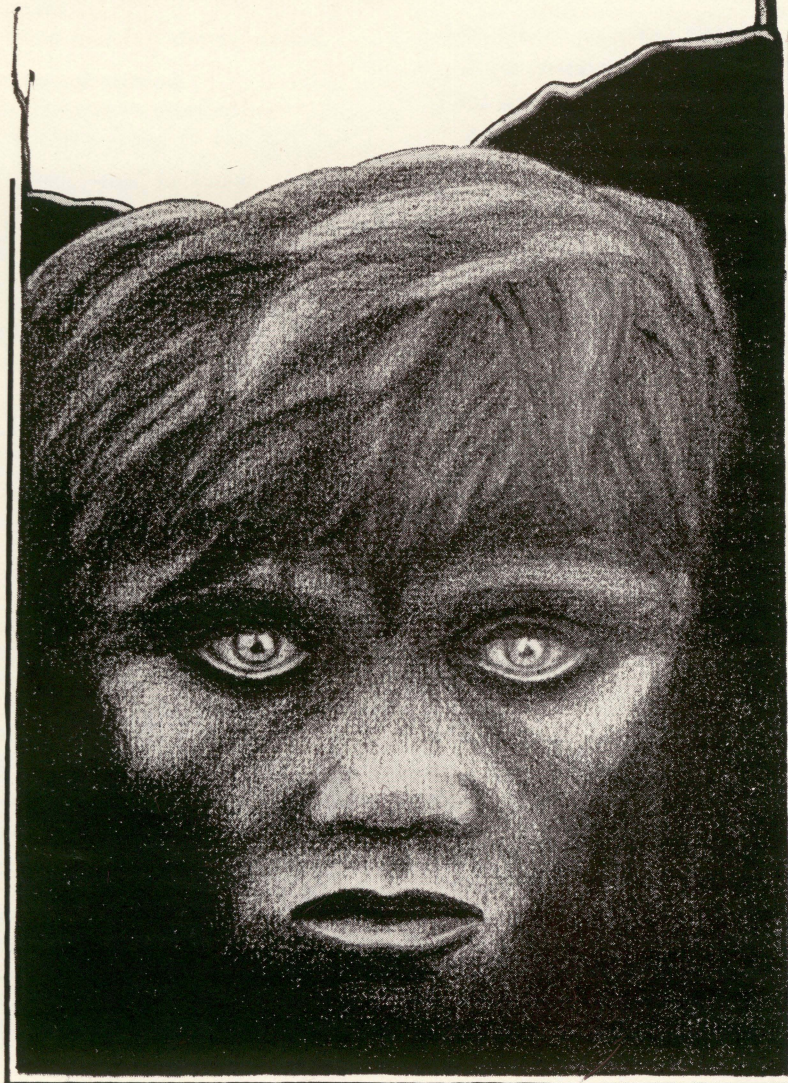
**YOU
SMILE.**

THE STARS AND WORLDS BEYOND SHINE IN YOUR EYES.

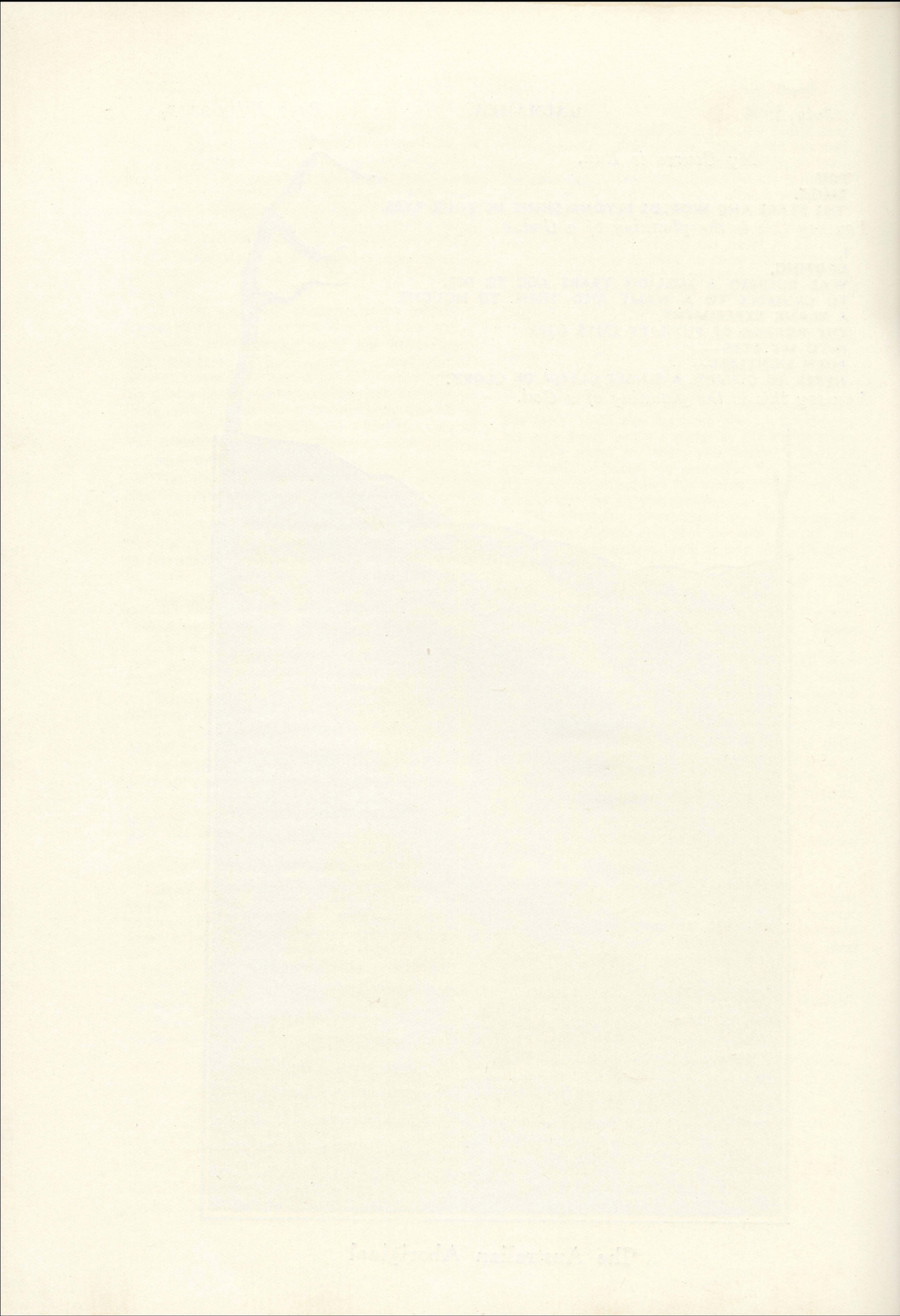
You say this is the planning of a God.

**I,
GROPING,
WAS DOOMED A MILLION YEARS AGO TO DIE,
TO CRUMBLE TO A NAME AND THEN TO NOUGHT
A BLANK EXPERIMENT.
THE HORROR OF FUTILITY CUTS DEEP
INTO MY EYES—
BORN SIGHTLESS—
NEVER TO GLIMPSE A SINGLE GLEAM OF GLORY.**

You say this is the planning of a God.



The Australian Aboriginal



Night Piece

"It's time we moved out," cried the fisherman,
And his voice came echoing back;
Not a glimmer shone in the old slab shack,
And the she-oaks sighed 'long the shadowy track;
"We'll miss the tide," he called again—
The echo returned like a sob of pain.

The fisherman stood in the boat erect,
Which gently rocked with the tide;
Dim through the gloom loomed the old derelict
Which long had the storms defied.

And a curlew wailed
And the fisherman quailed —
For a mystery hung in the air.

But he knew—aye, he knew. . .

So alone he rowed through the starlit night,
And cast his nets alone;
The Southern Cross was his guiding light,
The fish in the nets his own.

And a turtle sighed,
And a heron cried—
And the fisherman shed a tear.

For he knew—aye, he knew. . .

* * *

When the corals bloom in translucent deeps,
And the dugong splashes by;
When the reef fish follow the ebbing neaps,
And the 'foxes cloud the sky—

"It's time we moved out," calls the fisherman,
And his voice comes mocking back;
Not a glimmer shines in the old slab shack,
And the she-oaks sigh 'long the shadowy track;
"We'll miss the tide," he calls again—
The echo returns to him still in vain.

—C.B.C.

Liver

Of them that scribble verses
Some still the changes ring
On love and love's sweet curses,
And beauty and the Spring:
Though no one reimburses
Their efforts they will sing
For days and days together
Sweet lays about the weather,
As pleased as anything.

And others scowling darkly,
Make passionate demands
That life be viewed, oh, starkly!
As gas works, gin, and glands:
Of what the humble clerkly
Enjoy in life, their hands
They wash like Pilate (Pontius)
And fish from their subconscious
What no one understands.

And bright souls on the journals
Feel joys unknown to us,
And spin from their internals
Praises preposterous
That stagger purple colonels
And make them blasphemous;
While the common reader sickens
And goes and feeds his chickens,
And mutters, "Genius!"

Time was strange passions tore me:
A day or two ago
Odes, epics, placed before me
To ecstasy or woe
Could move me. Now they bore me—
I eye them once and go
To make my sole petition:
"Lord save me from ambition
And keep my forehead low."

—G. U. Greenhalgh

Student Benefactions

Although last year marked the Jubilee of the University, student recognition of the fact or, at any rate, student appreciation as manifested through the S.B.F., was a decided disappointment. The previous year had brought forth a respectable art gallery and the fulfilment of sundry tangible needs of the University, which, it was thought, would act as a stimulus, especially in the midst of such festivities. But apart from one notable benefaction no great interest has been aroused. Last Degree Day (1935) the total was £1315/14/5; this year (1936) only £1387/9/-—rather a meagre increase for a University which is past its infancy. Perhaps a glance at the comparative totals in each fund will give a better idea of the lack of response by faculty members.

JUBILEE DEGREE DAY

2nd May, 1935.

Library	£299	11	7
Arts	145	13	11
Science	72	4	4
Engineering	95	3	3
Law	19	17	8
Commerce	9	9	9
Agriculture	24	14	3
Union	170	14	9
Sports	65	15	5
Evening and External Students	26	15	7
Specified Gifts	360	5	9
Unspecified	25	8	2

TOTAL £1315 14 5

1936 DEGREE DAY

1st May, 1936

Library	£307	16	11
Arts	154	17	8
Science	81	6	6
Engineering	117	7	9
Law	21	12	10
Commerce	10	8	5
Agriculture	29	2	5
Union	190	6	4
Sports	71	16	7
Evening and External Students	29	8	2
Specified Gifts	373	5	5
Unspecified	0	0	0

TOTAL £1387 9 0

To this must be added gifts in kind, books, machinery, collections of specimens, etc., to the value of about £462 and £536 respectively.

The increase for the year is, therefore, about £76 in cash and £74 for gifts in kind. The chief gifts in the latter section were a collection of microscopic slides of fossil corals to the Geology Section, valued at £50, and two specimens of crystallised gold, valued at £20. Thus, other gifts in kind resolve themselves into the value of £4.

Of the money gifts, the chief were those of the Warden and the ex-Warden, together

totalling over £20. Interest amounted to even more, leaving those due to private initiative well in the minority.

A most effective method of donating was adopted by several desirous, as it were, of symbolically giving the fruits of their academic training to their Alma Mater. Fees for lectures given in the engineering section were given by two graduates to the amount of £7/12/8, and the fee of the auditor (a graduate) of the books of the Women Graduates' Association was given to S.B.F. This method would be most efficient and in the spirit of the S.B.F. idea. The plan is not merely a collection but a means put before the student of returning in some measure what the institution has done for him. What better than the giving of some of those benefits he has enjoyed through her? There are over 2000 past and present students who could put this idea into effect and display that devotion to ideals and traditions so sadly lacking in modern industrial surroundings.

However, the students have been responsive to a certain extent. The Women's Common Room Library has increased by about three dozen volumes. Collections are now annually made by the Union amongst the students. While the evening students, who, comparatively speaking, do not share all the advantages that the day students derive from the University, have nevertheless once again held their dance to increase their totals in S.B.F.

The Goethebund presented a fine print of Goethe to the University which has been hung over the main stairway.

But the most striking gift of the year, and, indeed, the most notable for many years, is the foundation of scholarships in modern languages by two ex-students, Mrs. H. Whitehouse, B.A., and Mrs. Ruth Hammon, with their father, Mr. E. Munro, in memory of the late Mrs. Mary Munro, B.A. To this end they have donated £1750 through the S.B.F. Committee. This gift was received during the last few weeks and so does not appear in the Degree Day totals. Is this the first sign of the academic awakening which is to eventually see the Queensland University flourishing at St. Lucia? Let us hope it is, for the student (graduate and undergraduate) body can be a great influence in this community if it will only rouse itself to ask for what it wants. It is a great and applicable saying which might almost be taken as a motto for S.B.F.: "God helps those who help themselves." Even if student gifts are small compared with, for example, the founding of faculties and bursaries, they manifest our enthusiasm for a national cause and enthusiasms are notably catching.

The institution of new faculties in this University, it is hoped, will stimulate the competitive factor in the S.B.F. Faculty Funds. Each faculty has the power to contribute to a fund of its own which, immediately on reach-

ing £100, becomes usable by that faculty, which can start on another £100. Then each year a faculty will have a definite sum with which to purchase material otherwise unprocurable through departmental grants.

It is a noteworthy fact that the totals attained by the different faculties are a sure indication of the relative academic importance of that faculty. Will the new ones realise this and make themselves felt as an integral and powerful part of University life. For it is the students who constitute the faculty, and what better way of demonstrating that greatest attribute of character—gratitude—than expressing that character through S.B.F.

A concluding word must be devoted to the Fryer Library in Australian Literature, which initiated in Queensland that worthy, but often

neglected, duty of preserving the literature of our country. This library, which not only includes many rare works of the past but also endeavours to procure current Australian literature, has only received about eight works during the past year. Cannot more interest be aroused in this most valuable and useful work? Notices are posted in the Main Hall advertising works the S.B.F. would recommend for inclusion in the Fryer Library, and, after all, the price of a book is not beyond the student's means.

The S.B.F. Committee is a purely administrative body with the duty of handing donations to the University and pointing out ways and means of making them. The rest must be left to the student (which includes graduates, graduands and undergraduates). What is HE going to do?



Mt. Zabel

Rhodes Scholar

From the five candidates who presented applications for the Queensland Rhodes' Scholarship for 1936, the Selection Committee chose Ronald John Atkinson, as the applicant approaching closest to Cecil Rhodes' ideal. The Committee consisted of His Excellency the Governor (Sir Leslie Orme Wilson), Chairman; Professor Alcock, President of the Board of Faculties; Mr. V. Grenning, Mr. N. Macrossan, and Dr. A. S. Roe (former Rhodes' Scholars); Professor Parnell and the Registrar of the University (Mr. C. Page-Hanify) as Secretary.

Mr. Atkinson is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson of Aban, Papua, and was born at Ashfield, N.S.W., on the 29th September, 1914. He was sent at an early age to All Souls' School, Charters Towers. There he obtained brilliant passes in both the junior and senior public examinations. In 1932 he enrolled as an undergraduate in the Faculty of Engineering and became a resident of St. John's College. During the year 1935, he was awarded the McIlwraith Scholarship in Engineering.

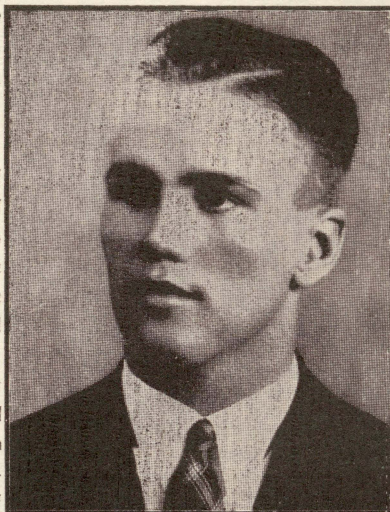
In the field of sport, Mr. Atkinson has attained outstanding success. At school he was captain of the school swimming and tennis teams and won his colours in cricket, football, tennis, swimming, athletics and life-saving.

Since entering the University he has represented it in football and cricket, winning a full-blue in the former sport. This year he gained a place in the State XV. He took a prominent part in all College sports and won his college blue in his first year of residence.

Mr. Atkinson entered fully into the social life of the University and associated himself with the activities of many of its clubs. He was president of the Sports Union in 1935, president of the Wider Education Society in 1934, and president of the Engineering Undergraduates' Society in 1935. In addition, Mr. Atkinson was an active member of the Musical and Dramatic Societies.

As a student, he is regarded by the University authorities as sound, practical and well-balanced, while his pleasing personality must have weighed considerably with those charged with the selection of the scholarship holder. He possesses those qualities that should enable him to attain a position of real leadership.

Mr. Atkinson will make a new departure as far as Rhodes' Scholarship holders from this State are concerned, for while at Oxford he will study aircraft frames and construction in theory and research under Professor R. V. Southwell.



Club Notes

UNION

This year has, on the whole, been a happy one for the Union. All of our functions seem to have maintained the high standard set by previous years. Financially, our position is entirely satisfactory. This aspect of our activities is the more gratifying in view of the fact that the Union programme has this year been rather heavier than usual, notably in the republication of the handbook and in the increased size of the Song Book and of "Semper Floreat."

The burlesque proved to be quite a considerable source of revenue and the Song Book returned a small profit. The Commemoration dinner, however, despite a slight increase in the subscription, was run at a loss. The handbook, because of larger and more numerous advertisements than usual, was much less costly than was expected.

The "Semper Floreat" Investigation Committee, appointed last year to consider ways and means of improving the newspaper and of diminishing its cost to the Union, made many useful recommendations which have been followed with good results this year. Though the cost of printing the enlarged "Semper Floreat" is almost double that of the more diminutive journal of yester-year, it is estimated that the loss to the Union will stand at a lower figure. For this we have to thank the enthusiasm and vigour with which this year's Business Manager and his staff have set about their task.

The constituent bodies are to be congratulated on their activities and, in particular, the Dramatic Society, for its excellent work in producing the burlesque during Commemoration week. Moulded into shape by the capable hands of Mrs. Dulcie Scott and Mr. Vince Fogarty, this production repeated the success achieved last year, when the idea originated. We hope that a highly amusing, topical entertainment of this type will continue to be an attractive feature of Commemoration week.

The Musical Society also deserves high commendation for their hard and eminently successful work this year in producing a series of fortnightly broadcasts. However, their great effort, a production of "Comus," is still to come. In this venture we wish them the complete success merited by their long and careful preparation.

Degree Day was, as usual, our "day of days," ending in the triumphantly successful dinner and dance, in running which we were again helped by a generous grant from the Senate. Nearly four hundred guests attended, including a large number of staff and graduates. Musical items were rendered by Miss Doris McCulloch and Mr. Phil. Silcock.

The procession was somewhat longer than in previous years on account of the larger number of faculties. It met with general approval. Even the newspapers seemed less anxious than

usual to be over-critical, and joined in forgiving our little weaknesses whilst praising our humble attempts to amuse. We received an excellent report from the Traffic Department on our law-abiding conduct during our progress through the streets, though they were still too cautious to allow us into Queen Street. However, our efforts have not been in vain, for the Senate has promised that two days will be set aside for Commemoration celebrations next year.

Though the present Union Constitution has, on the whole, been satisfactory so far, it is felt that parts of it have outlived their usefulness and could well be replaced or deleted altogether, whilst a few additional clauses might be usefully inserted. Accordingly, a committee has lately been appointed to revise and re-write the Constitution. We trust that the result of their labour will enable the Union to make even greater progress than it has done since its inception.

MEN'S CLUB

Another year has well nigh elapsed since the Club last reported its adventures and had the secretarial bruises exposed to the light of day. But the scars are encouragingly few, for the year has been a remarkably lively one.

The annual dinner for 1935 was a very enjoyable affair and—as was remarked by one present—an excellent occasion for replenishment after the preceding weeks of disillusionment. The evening was begun well by the excellent dinner provided by the Carlton Hotel and we ran smoothly through the programme. Members of the Staff, the Senate, graduates and undergraduates spent a companionable evening. Our only wish was to see more students present at this last gathering of the year.

The abolition of the Freshers' Welcome, which had long lost its character and utility, provided an opportunity of instituting a real Club function, to be held at some time during the year when work and worry did not intrude.

So the first Men's Club Smoke Concert was held at the Golden Glow Cafe on the Wednesday before Degree Day. It proved an unqualified success. The company arrived early and began with dinner. Then speeches, music, song and anecdote sped the night on its way. There is no criticism to give but only the confident assurance that it fulfilled its purpose, provided a night of entertainment, and advertised its successor in 1937.

Outside of social activities the committee has been considering possible improvements in Common Room comforts and facilities, and ways and means of gathering the men together in congenial surroundings. But such work is necessarily very slow and as yet many ideas have to materialise. Still, the interest of mem-

bers during the year and the progress already achieved warrants an optimistic word for the future.

The final function of the committee's year, the Plain and Fancy Dress Dance, cannot unfortunately be reported here, but we sincerely hope that the students' interest in social affairs will be sustained sufficiently far into third term to delight our enthusiasm and not entirely give the lie to our optimism.

WOMEN'S CLUB

The Women's Club has this year been most successful in all its social activities. After the examinations at the end of last year, those who were graduating were entertained at a moonlight boat picnic. Owing to a heavy thunderstorm this function was almost spoilt, and tea had to be served in the Common Room instead of on the boat. When the rain slackened, however, we were able to reach the boat after much ploughing through mud, and everyone enjoyed the trip. It was generally agreed to have tea before leaving in future as this would save carrying all the food and crockery down to the Domain.

In March the usual welcome to Freshers was held, but because the Matriculation Ceremony was taking place in the Main Hall it was arranged that Freshers should go down to the men's Common Room after signing their names.

This year, for the first time, members of the Club wore academic dress, a practice that could well be continued. The Patroness, Mrs. McCarthy, received the guests, and the President spoke of the aims and activities of the Club and the part that the Freshers would be expected to play.

The Club dance was as popular as ever. It was enjoyed by a large number of students, and more members of the staff than usual.

The other entertainment of the year serves to keep women undergraduates in touch with the activities of women prominent in various spheres of work in Brisbane. At a social evening, the Club entertained representatives of the various women's clubs and humanitarian associations, principals of schools, women doctors, matrons of hospitals and wives of members of the staff. The guests are always very appreciative of this entertainment, because it gives them an opportunity to meet and talk to people who only gather together at such a function.

In conclusion, the Committee of the Women's Club would like to express its gratitude to all who have supported it during the year. We wish to thank Mrs. McCarthy very sincerely for the interest she has taken in all the activities of the Club.

EVENING AND EXTERNAL STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

The Evening and External Students' Association, since its formation in 1927, has sought to bring evening and external students into

closer connection and more intimate contact with the life of the University. Many students through the Association have participated in no small measure in University activities.

During the present year a new function, in the form of a welcome to evening and external "freshers," was introduced. This was held for the purpose of introducing "freshers" to one another and to older members of the association, and promises to be a popular event in subsequent years.

Unfortunately, owing to a lack of available members, the Association had no representative lorry in the Commem. procession as it has had in past years.

The annual dance of the Association was held in the Main Hall, University, on the 13th June. This dance always provides excellent entertainment and although the number of dancers who attended could have been increased, those present passed an enjoyable evening. Such a function is an excellent opportunity for evening and external students to mingle and become acquainted with one another and with day students.

Another annual event of no small importance is the debate between teams representing the Evening and External Students' Association and the day students. This year our Association was represented by Messrs. Mylne, McCawley and Bacon, while the worthy representatives of the day students were Messrs. Finucan, Tait, and Connolly, who affirmed the subject, "That he who hesitates is lost." Mr. C. Schindler adjudicated and gave the decision, which he declared was by a small margin, in favour of the evening students. Any paucity of arguments was amply compensated by an abundance of proverbs and epigrams.

The most recent function held by this Association was the dance in aid of the "Student Benefactions" Fund. This is also an annual event, and this year was held at the Bellevue Hotel on Friday, 10th July. Dr. and Mrs. F. Robinson received the guests, who included several of the staff. The fine dancing floor and the good quality of the music contributed much to the social success of the function. The attendance, however, fell below our expectations.

It might be noted that during the past year the number of evening and external students has increased considerably, but the number of those displaying an active interest in the Association has not proportionately increased.

The annual meeting of the Association will take place in the first week in October and every evening student should consider it his duty to be present.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

This year has indeed been a success from the point of view of good audiences, which we have no doubt is due to the wise choice of subjects by the committee. There has been, in previous years, rather too much emphasis laid on subjects of an abstract economic and

academic nature which, in spite of their able handling, have not always appealed to the audiences. So the year started with the remark that "Undergrads of To-day are Degenerate"—ably handled by an experienced team which set a high standard of both amusement and careful preparation. Other subjects of the same nature—frivolous sociology—were "Women have Abused Their Rights of Emancipation," "Lotteries" and "The Orgies of Commem." These provided sound arguments and light amusing treatment which is most popular with an audience assembled for recreation, not education. For, after all, the essence of debating is the cultivation of a persuasive mode of address, not a rehash of ponderous lectures. Debates on Capital Punishment, the Necessity for Population, Patriotism, and Modern Sport gave ample scope for the presentation of ideas well enough known to the audience, but viewed by the speakers from an original or entertaining angle.

The Inter-Faculty Debates have been a moderate success. Still their inability to arouse enthusiasm has been occasioned chiefly by the inactivity of the faculty representatives on the Council, whose business it is to select the competing teams. New faculties, it was thought, would seize the opportunity of placing their views before the University as a whole, but expectations have not been realised to any noteworthy extent.

An American team is to visit us during second vacation. A debate will be held, and it is hoped that students will remember this and endeavour to fill the Teachers' Conference Hall, where it will probably take place. Notices will appear in the daily Press.

The new method of selection for Inter-Varsity debates has been a pronounced success. Twenty have submitted their names and have been fairly thoroughly tested.

A debate with the Constitutional Club resulted in a victory for Varsity, and others have been or are to be held with the Law Students, Evening Students, Constitutional Club (on our own ground), etc.

Suppers served at these debates have provided a most interested and satisfactory audience to hear these visitors.

A new constitution has been accepted, and is at present quite satisfactory, though it is thought it will require modifications in the future.

The most noticeable fact this year is the apathy of the women, and this means chiefly the Women's College, who have gone strangely and unnaturally silent. A fair sprinkling turn up, but they don't talk—perhaps a new evolutionary development.

This year has seen the retirement from the office of president of the Society's oldest and most interested friend, who has, since its inception, been the inspiration of all University debaters and their adviser in difficulties (which have been many). We refer to Mr. S. Castlehow. He has been succeeded by the able and experienced Mr. N. C. Tritton.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

It is pleasing to be able to report that the Dramatic Society, following upon last year's burlesque, supplied a sequel which was just as popular, and even more completely successful. Once again the genius of Mr. Vince Fogarty was apparent in the dialogue, while the songs which he provided were excellent. The production was again handled by Dulcie Scott, and the Society takes this opportunity of expressing thanks to her for the efforts she has displayed in the difficult task of producing such a show.

Behind the scenes, one realises the value of Dulcie Scott, for she has the gift of calmness in a crisis; and a clear direction to a group of flurried actors has the restorative effect of a dash of cold water.

Emboldened by early successes, the Society intends to present a three-act play in the last week of second term. "The Circle," by Somerset Maugham, is the play at present being rehearsed. Those who cannot be in the large play are being accommodated into some one-act plays which are to be presented in the men's Common Room.

So much for the projects, and for the results you must await the next issue of this magazine.

MUSICAL SOCIETY

The Musical Society started work this year with a very full and enthusiastic choir and orchestra. It was decided that, as we intended to produce a concert in second term, the Society should hold no revue during the Commem. celebrations, but that the services of the choir and of the individual members of the Society should be at the disposal of the Burlesque Committee.

Last year, Mr. May's dinner hour recitals, supplemented by items from the choir and orchestra, were very successfully broadcasted from 4QG during second term. This year we started at the beginning of first term and have held recitals regularly every fortnight. The programmes for these have been varied and very popular. The chief vocal soloists have been Miss McCulloch, Miss Millett and Mr. Falk. Miss Krummel and Miss Hunter have given us some very enjoyable spoken items. Miss Stephens, Miss Fielding and Miss Ferguson have at various times done solo and concerted piano work. Mr. Booth has played several violin solos. Mr. May's pianoforte selections have been instructive and interesting, and have been very much appreciated.

The big event of the year, however, is the concert to be held at the end of the second term at the Princess Theatre, Annerley Road. The chief item will be Milton's "Comus," produced with the aid of Dulcie (Mrs. Robert) Scott. Mr. May has gone to much trouble to make the costuming, dancing and music as exact chronologically as is possible, and the effect should be very interesting. The masque will be preceded by choral and orchestral num-

bers, which should make the whole programme very enjoyable for all music lovers.

So far, the work of the Society for this year has been very satisfactory and successful, and we sincerely hope this success will be continued on into the years which follow.

GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

Toward the end of the first term of 1936 a move was begun among the students of this University which has now culminated in the creation of a new constituent body, within the Union, to be known as the Gramophone Society. Brisbane has long been unfortunate in the opportunities provided here for the true study and appreciation of many of the elements contributing to musical culture. Hence it is that at various times students have thought of the possibilities of a Gramophone Society within the Union. How a comparatively trivial incident precipitated the whole affair is probably only known to few students. In brief it is as follows: A music lover bought a record, "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (Bach and Stokowski). Another student was sufficiently interested to come to the Arts block and hear it played. Still another student who had heard part of it played was also a listener. He happened to remark, as had many a student before him, on the desirability of the formation of a Gramophone Club. The owner of the record had had nebulous ideas on the subject himself and offered to approach others on the matter. He met with little enthusiasm, but called a meeting of those interested. An attendance of four in all might well have been the curtain to the only act; but such was not to be. He was sufficiently dogged to believe that if four would come to a meeting, forty might come to a recital. So he approached the powers that be, and obtained permission for such an event, but not until that term had passed. The programme was after many unforeseen mishaps arranged and advertised and apparatus obtained. The work chosen for the initial number was inaudible because of the noise of the room, and once again disaster loomed. A temporary committee of three was elected by those attending.

The popularity of the current Gilbert and Sullivan season proved an inspiration. At the first such set to be presented, the hope of an audience of forty was exceeded! The Gramophone Society had actually become a student activity. Official recognition and status were obtained after three successful Gilbert and Sullivan presentations had taken place, and the Union Council gave formal approval and recognition of a "Gramophone Society" to be a constituent body of the Union.

WIDER EDUCATION SOCIETY

Though it is somewhat early to review the activities of the Society for 1936, it may confidently be predicted that this will prove a

most successful year for the W.E.S. The Society has to date held eleven weekly meetings on available Thursdays and only on one occasion has the Committee failed to attain the object of a lecture every week. In respect of the mere number of lectures provided for the student body, this year shows every prospect of being the most satisfactory one the Society has enjoyed.

However, it has not been overlooked that it is quality, not quantity, which counts and the lectures this year have been of a reasonably high standard and of a particularly wide scope. The chief aim of the Society, to promote among students a wider and deeper interest in subjects outside their own particular curricula, and thus afford them the opportunity of attaining to a greater breadth of knowledge, has been scrupulously observed. It is not proposed to give a bare list of speakers and subjects, but some indication of the wide scope of the lectures provided, as reflected by the subjects, may not be out of place and demonstrate that the activities of the Society are worthy of its name and objects.

Mr. B. N. McKenna, the Director of Education, honoured us with a lecture on "Observations on a European Tour," one of a number of interesting addresses on topics of travel. The talks of Miss Marjorie Bulcock, B.A., Dr. F. W. Robinson, M.A., Ph.D., and Brigadier J. L. Witham, C.M.G., D.S.O., on "The Theatre in Europe," "The University's Opportunity at St. Lucia," and "Australian Defence," respectively, are typical of the varying nature of interests provided for. The overwhelming success of Mr. Ivan Menzies' address on "The Oxford Group and the International Situation," proved conclusively the interest a religious subject can evoke when handled in the right way by the right speaker, and the Society is deeply indebted to Mr. Menzies for the service he has on two occasions rendered it. Professor F. W. S. Cumbræ-Stewart, K.C., D.C.L., made his last appearance in his official capacity before the student body, when he addressed the Society on "Characters," and the meeting was made the occasion of a farewell presentation by the Law Students. Mr. R. L. Cummings spoke on "Present-day Architecture," and when the committee has fulfilled its intention of providing some lectures on scientific and industrial subjects the "wider education" nature of the Society's activities will be fully achieved. The committee has at all times endeavoured to obtain speakers from outside the University, and of proved ability and acknowledged authority.

There is ample justification for an optimistic review of the Society's activities to date, and the committee will endeavour to ensure that the Annual Report will be a record of one of the most successful years in the history of the Society.

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB.

It seems quite possible to say, even at this stage of the year, that 1936 has proved a successful year for the International Relations Club. As has been the custom in previous years, the activities of the Club have been concerned with addresses and discussion groups. So far, four of the former have been delivered, and it is hoped to obtain five more speakers. Of the latter, we dealt in the first term with current history, and in the second term we have made a study of the book "The Versailles Treaty and After." In this book the importance of the Versailles Treaty to each of the great Powers was dealt with in separate chapters, each being contributed by a capable interpreter of the respective countries. This book having been completed, discussion groups have now commenced on Sir Norman Angell's latest book, "Peace and the Plain Man." If we are allowed to judge from the interest displayed in this book at the reading of the first set of papers, we believe that much lively discussion will be evoked at subsequent meetings.

A series of addresses in the first term concerning the present political situations in Europe and Africa aroused considerable interest, and we had our views on these matters broadened by these addresses. Mr. H. Von Ploennies gave a concise and enlightening address, "Germany's Place in the Present World Affairs." At this time the Rhineland demilitarized zone had recently been re-occupied by the German troops, and in order that we might hear "The Case for France," Mr. C. Schindler delivered an address and revealed to us the fears and threats of danger that Frenchmen feel, seeing an ulterior motive behind this move. Mr. G. Luciano, former Consular Agent for Italy in Queensland, so as to dismiss from our minds some of the false ideas we had concerning the Italo-Ethiopian dispute, addressed us and expounded "The Case for Italy."

The most interesting address of the first term was undoubtedly that delivered by the Rev. J. Arrowsmith, the secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Queensland. Those who heard this address—and it was the best attended of the year—were privileged, for to hear this speaker on "The Re-Nationalisation of China" was truly a revelation of the true state of China. The Rev. J. Arrowsmith showed us by the manner in which he spoke of China that, in his sojourn of over a year there, he had not only learned to love the people, but had also learned to know and to understand them by reading behind the mask-like faces of this very old race.

The Institute of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, carrying on their generous practice of donating up-to-date books on international affairs to the Club, sent out quite a large batch, among which were the

two books already mentioned, and which have formed the subjects of our discussion groups.

It would be fitting here to bring before the notice of students, other than the really active members of the Club, that the actual object of the Club is to bring before students—who can thus become worthy of that name—as many facts as possible of the political and social state of the world, of vital concern to our young country, of which they either are or are becoming worthy citizens.

Thus we hope at the end of the present year to be able to affirm that we have not only had a successful year, but have also fulfilled our task, namely, of being one of the numerous factors that are contributing to international goodwill, so necessary for the progress of this world of fearful and suspicious peoples.

Sports Notes

Sport is an essential factor in the life of the University. It helps to maintain a healthy moral tone throughout the institution, and in such a large community it is more than necessary to have the various sporting clubs. To be eminently successful, each club should be fully supported and sound advice to all students is to partake in as much sporting activity as possible. Though many successes have been experienced by all clubs, there is plenty of room for improvement, and this can only be effected by the co-operation of as many students as is possible. Up to the present this has been lacking, but there is every indication of better results for the future.

The Hockey Club maintained its usual solid performance during the past season.

Owing to the presence of several new members in the "A" team it has not been very successful in club fixtures. The general form displayed by the team may be summed up in the following extract from "Semper Floreat":

"Each time the hockey team takes the field the same lesson is brought home to us—the brilliance of defence and the weakness of the first line of attack."

The enthusiasm shown by the members of the Club gives every indication that we will have secured a good combination by August, when the Inter-University contests will be held.

At least two members of the Club will be playing for Queensland in Perth during the week previous to the Inter-Varsity meeting.

The "B" Grade promoted to a higher section proved worthy of their promotion by occupying second place. With these players performing so well, the Club seems certain of continued success in the future.

This year the Rowing Club has been rather inactive. The University has only entered for one race, "The Southport Fours," which was won easily. With the Inter-College race coming off shortly interest has revived, and several crews have been seen on the river. Also the various faculties have crews entered for the forthcoming Inter-Faculty race, and rivalry is keen.

Next term the University Regatta is to be held, and judging by last year's success it should prove a very popular and interesting function.

As the Inter-Varsity boat race is to be held in Brisbane next year, it is hoped that the Club can produce a crew capable of winning on home waters.

Athletic activities were above the usual standard, but still leave something to be desired. The stern task of training in athletics as contrasted with the pleasure of even a practice at football or tennis seems to repel many. There was, on the whole, however, keen training this year and results were very satisfactory.

In the Inter-College events Emmanuel College was far superior to the other colleges.

A small but strong team was chosen for the Inter-Varsity Athletics at Hobart. Wilson was successful in annexing the high jump title and some minor placings were obtained. As this year's representatives have all several years of Varsity life ahead of them prospects for the future are bright.

Last season saw University Cricket reach its highest standard for several years. The "A" team, after leading the premiership table for a considerable part of the season, were unlucky to end third. Three men obtained Interstate honours—Wyeth, Honour and Thomsett, the latter also performing very meritoriously in the Inter-Varsity fixture against Sydney.

Of latter years Varsity Tennis has been left in the hands of a few keen members, but this season is somewhat of an exception. With the Inter-Varsity contests in Brisbane to promote rivalry early in the season the Club had every chance of success. In the Varsity matches we ran third, but our standard of tennis is

rapidly approaching that of Sydney and Melbourne. Of the three teams in fixtures, the Pennant team are favourites for the final and the other two are to play one another in the finals of "A" Grade. We may confidently state that tennis is at last establishing itself in the top rank of University sport.

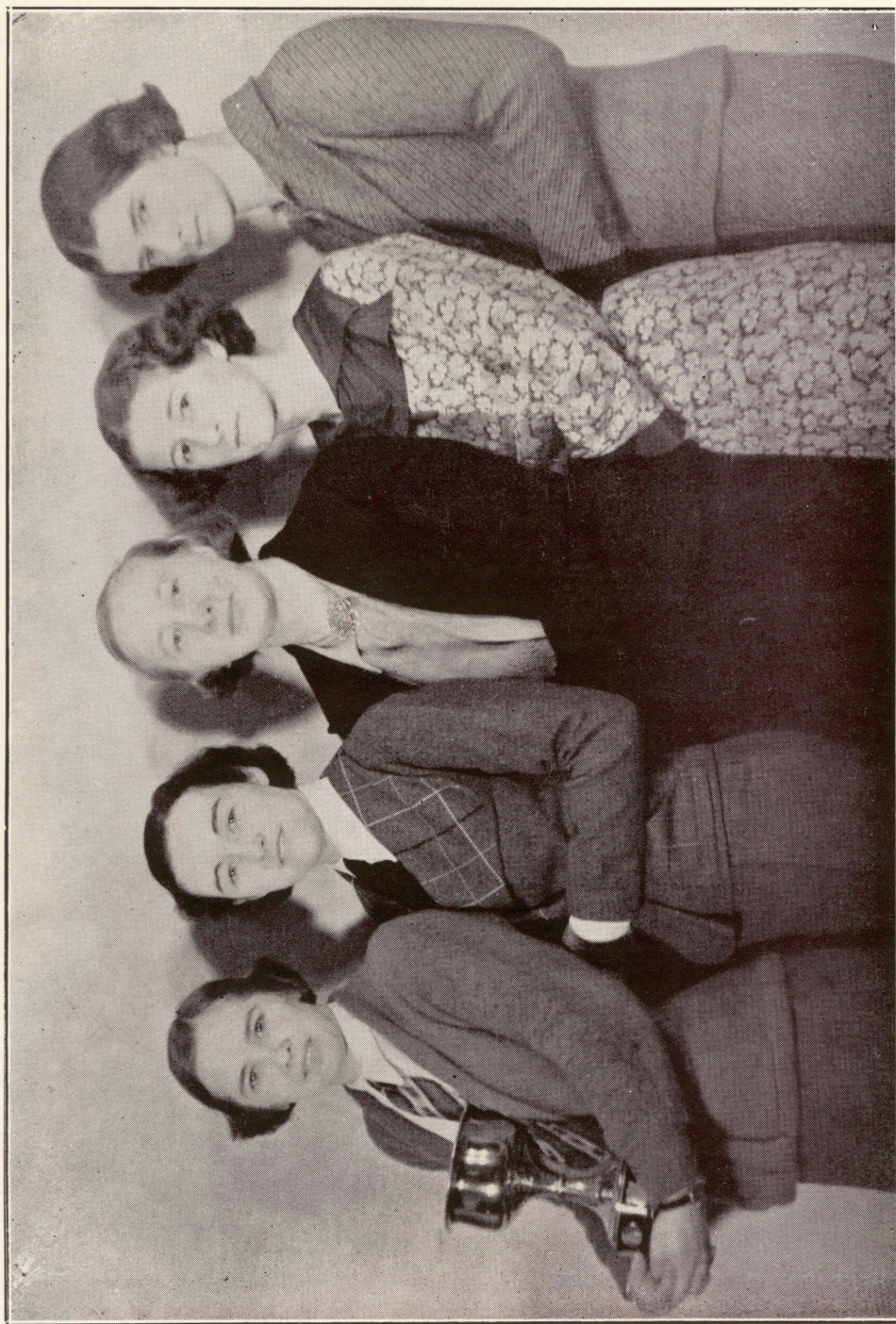
The Women's Sports Union is continuing its activities this year, and keen interest is being shown by the constituent clubs in the inter-Varsity carnivals and local club fixtures.

The Hockey Club has two representative teams, one in "A" grade and one in "C" grade, in the B.W.H.A. fixtures. The "A" team is maintaining a higher standard than it has done in previous years and succeeded in gaining second place in the first round of club fixtures this season. M. Harper, J. Hyde and V. Ather-ton have won their State colours this year and also represented Brisbane I. during Country Week. M. Grimes, T. Pickvance, M. Skyrme and J. Chadwick played for Brisbane II. The Inter-Varsity Carnival will be held in Sydney during the second vacation, and Queensland is confident of maintaining its own against the other States.

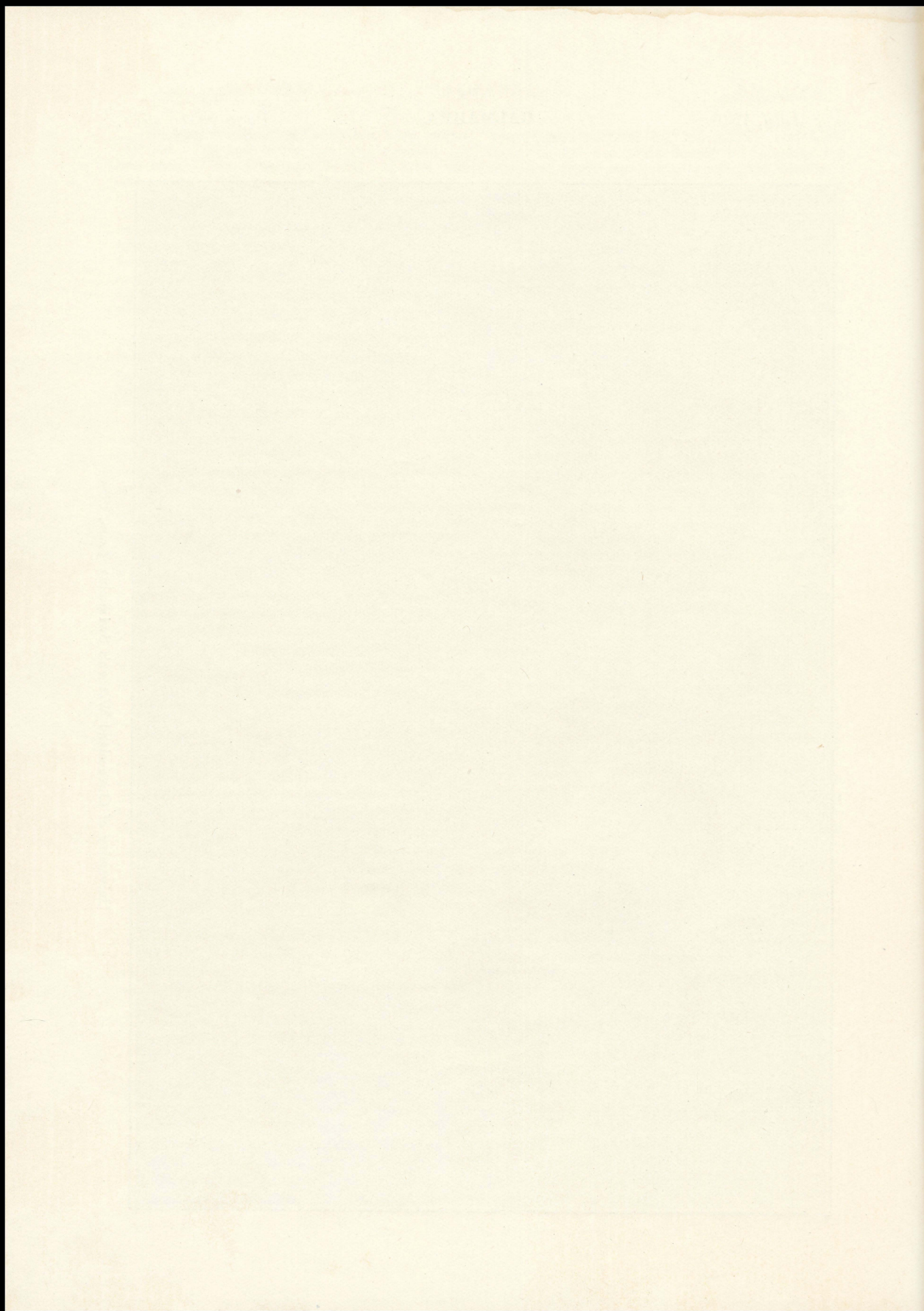
The Swimming Club sent a representative team to Adelaide in January, where they were successful in winning the cup for the first time for many years. They convincingly defeated the other States with a total of 60½ points. B. Parkinson won the 50 yards championship, the 100 yards championship and the 220 yards championship. L. Streeter won the breast-stroke, and M. Grimes the back-stroke. The Swimming Club is to be congratulated upon its outstanding victory.

The Tennis Club this year has changed back to lawn courts, and in conjunction with the men, have two mixed teams in Q.L.T.A. fixtures. Both teams won the grade semi-final matches and so are to meet one another in the grade finals. A women's team was sent to Adelaide during the first vacation, but though they played creditably and enthusiasm was keen, they did not reach the standard of the other Universities.

The team members were very keen throughout the season and everything points to an even more successful run for the forthcoming season.



University of Queensland Women's Swimming Team, 1936



Vestibularia

There has been considerable movement among our graduates since the last issue of "Galmahra."

Elsie Bickerton is engaged to Mr. Richard Graham and has resigned from C.E.H.S. Mossvale.

Enid Birkbeck is doing medicine at the Sydney University.

Marjorie Bulcock has returned from abroad. She is doing free-lance journalism. Recently she edited the magazine "Faces and Places."

Doris Scott and Louise Crooks have also returned from abroad.

Elsie Coates is teaching at "Abbotsleigh," Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Cooper are now living at Grafton.

Harry Coppock and his wife have come up from the South to Brisbane, where Harry is teaching at "Churchie."

Our congratulations are due to Ernest Edmiston, a graduate of the Queensland University, who has been appointed lecturer in Chemistry. Professor Lee, also a graduate from this University, is to be congratulated on his appointment as Professor of Physiology. We must congratulate also Dr. T. P. Fry on his appointment as lecturer in Law.

"Dinky" Munro and Harry Whitehouse have a son.

Nancy Gibson and Nancy Shaw are teaching at Somerville House.

Thyra Nimmo is engaged to Mr. R. D. Graham.

Marjorie Smith is engaged to Lex. Lettuce.

Norah Holdsworth has finished her course of librarianship in London, and is returning to Brisbane on August 24th.

Patricia McGregor is married to Mr. F. C. Thompson.

Dr. and Mrs. Trout (nee Elizabeth Nimmo) have a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Hulbert (nee J. Birkbeck) have returned from the Soudan and are now living in Brisbane.

Kathleen Murphy and Jim Delahunty are married and are living at St. Lucia.

Clare Greenham and "Mick" Shepherd were married in March, and Isobel Walker was the bridesmaid.

Kathleen Robinson has gone for a trip to England.

Kitty Hassler, who married Mr. Harding, has a daughter.

Professor Richards reports that Dr. Dorothy Hill is one of the leading geologists on the Continent.

The Denmeads (Mrs. Denmead was Noela Harris) have a daughter.

"Pines" Anderson is engaged to Miss Walcott.

An Easter wedding of interest was that of Frank Thomas to Edna Jones.

Les Fraser recently married Pat Crawford. His old friend, Gus Gehrmann, was best man at the wedding.

Doris Howlett is teaching at St. Faith's, Yeppoon.

Bob Jay and Moira McCullough are engaged.

Jean Halliday is teaching at Glennie.

Mrs. Morwood (nee Myrtle Lilley) has presented her husband with twins.

Doreen Millett and Harry Thomsett are engaged.

Mrs. Strugnell has been up from West Australia and has been entertained by the grads.

We hear that Gloria Reid is married to Mr. Roy Phelan, and that Tom Priestley married Ann Walsh, from Ayr, and has gone to England to settle down at Rugby.

Grace Griffin is teaching at C.E.G.S., Sydney.

Millicent Thyne is married to Mr. John Drewe, and is now living in Brisbane.

Johnnie Walker is in the Railway Department at Cairns.

Maud Woolcock is teaching at P.L.C. in Orange, and Ida Seeley at the State High School in Rockhampton.

David Curlewis has been appointed associate to Justice Henschman.

Doris Harland is teaching at the Rural School in Innisfail.

Phyllis Courtice and Mildred Wilson, both First Class Honours students, are assistants in the University Library.

Joan Cue is teaching at St. Peters Collegiate in North Adelaide. Harry Hopkins is also in Adelaide.

John Thompson is teaching at "Churchie."

Vince Fogarty is engaged to Pat Kinnane, and Alan Morrison, who is at Charleville, is engaged to Pauline Joice.

Ian Stewart is being retained at the University of Massachusetts to collaborate in the writing of an engineering work.

Bob White is married and living in Hobart.

Barbara Midson is teaching at St. Margaret's.

Anne Saunders married Mr. Lauder and is living in Cairns.

Rev. and Mrs. W. S. Milne (Dorothy Dennis) are going from Bulimba to Clifton.

Joan Allsop, Doris Camp and Vi. Atherton are at the Teachers' Training College.

Alice Tyroff and Puss Thomas are engaged.

We were very sorry to lose Professor Cumbrae-Stewart at the end of first term, and we wish him and Mrs. Cumbrae-Stewart the very best of luck.





EX CATHEDRA



It occurred to the Editors this year before actually beginning to ask for copy that room should be made for a "lighter vein" in "Galmahra." There was no difficulty in getting contributions to meet this requirement. At one stage, indeed, there was an indication that the "lighter vein" would predominate, possibly to the detriment of the literary standard of the magazine. There is now a fair sprinkling of articles and poems decidedly of a non-serious nature, but this is balanced by the heavier and the more strictly literary contributions.

The prose, we feel, shows a definite improvement both in light and serious vein, and the expression is certainly varied, from the perfectly serious "Reflections on the Oxford Group Movement" to the perfectly ridiculous "1788 an' All." Sketches are numerous and varied and good, with a touch of satire in "Dustbins" and "A Ninny Production" and a little exquisite description in "Leap Year." Of all the prose contributions "Bibliofilaria" and "What Shall It Profit a Man" are the nearest to being short stories, but even they are really sketches. It is regrettable that none of the few short stories submitted could be included. The one-act play helps to make up this deficiency. On the whole the prose has the excellent merit of originality, which, indeed, is an essential in "Galmahra."

The poetry this year tends a little too much in the one direction. There are many humorous poems, such as "The Cow," "Liver," "The Faculties"—to mention a few of the best—all indeed clever, and therefore welcome, but making little claim to be poetry. There are also a few light lyrics, but very little of what might be called serious verse. What there is, is good however; and as a welcome relief little free-verse was submitted; welcome because so often free-verse aspirants forget that

it takes more art to write good free-verse than good "ordinary" verse, and they try their hand at the former because it seems so easy. The French poem especially deserves mention.

The artistic contributions this year show distinct improvement, but their number might well be increased.

A photograph is included of the Women's Swimming Team because of its outstanding success in Adelaide.

The thanks of the Editors are due to those who contributed accounts of the various University activities.

The inclusion of a "fresher" on the staff did little to increase the contributions from that quarter, as was hoped. In fact hardly any contributions were received from "freshers" at all; of them, five only were printed, the work of two people. This does not look particularly hopeful for future "Galmahras." We can only trust for the sake of next year's committee that this year's "freshers" will be more productive in their second year.

There was a larger staff than usual this year owing to the inclusion of the "fresher" member and of another third year student who would be returning in 1937. The policy of having a "fresher" member might be continued as it is excellent training and gives continuity to the committee.

Let us pass over sundry solecisms; but there is one very definite complaint to be made. When Editors start talking about "Galmahra" from the beginning of first term why must contributors wait till the eleventh hour to submit their efforts?

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